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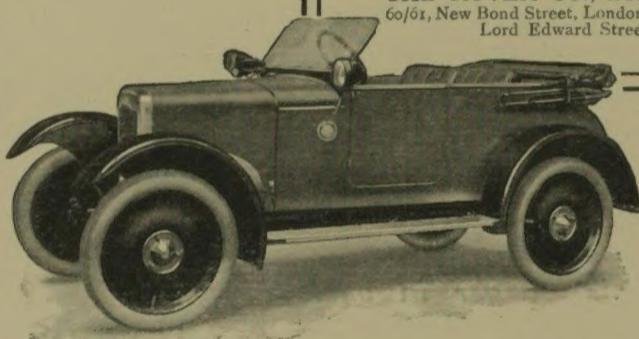
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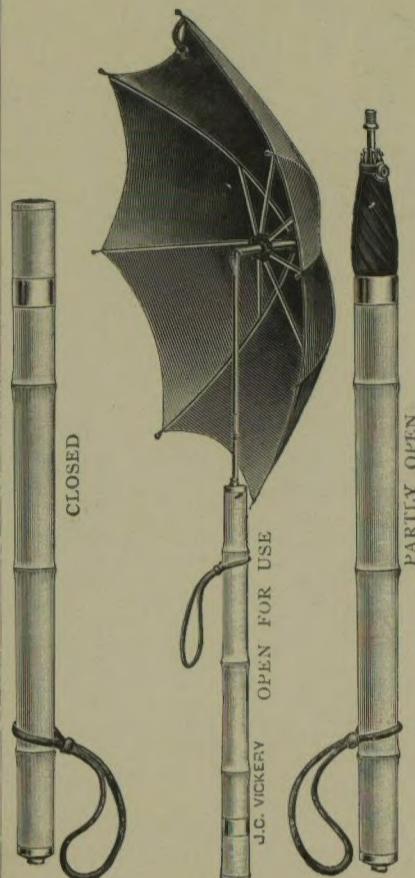
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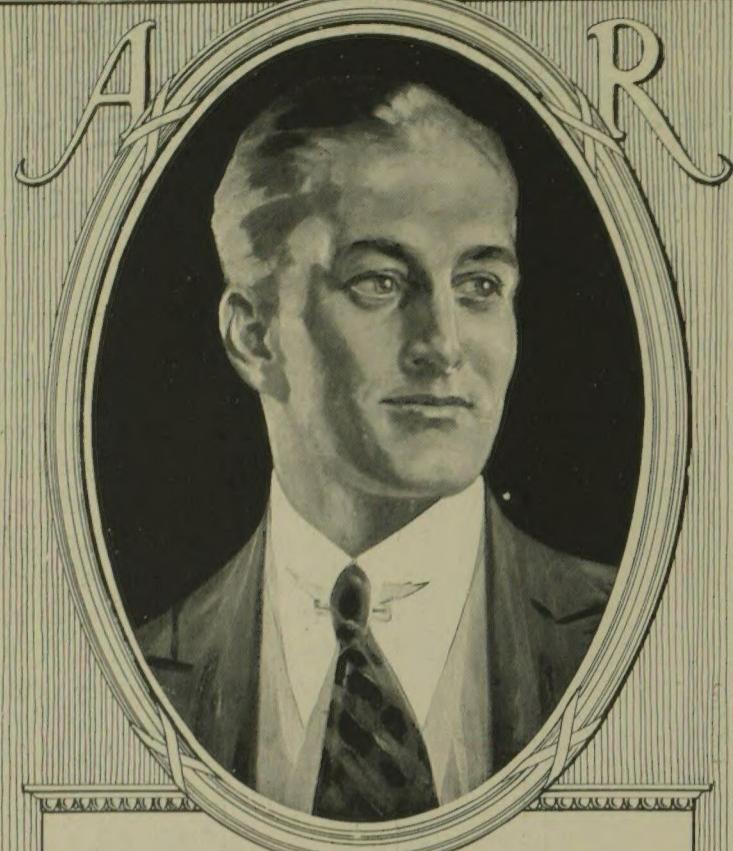
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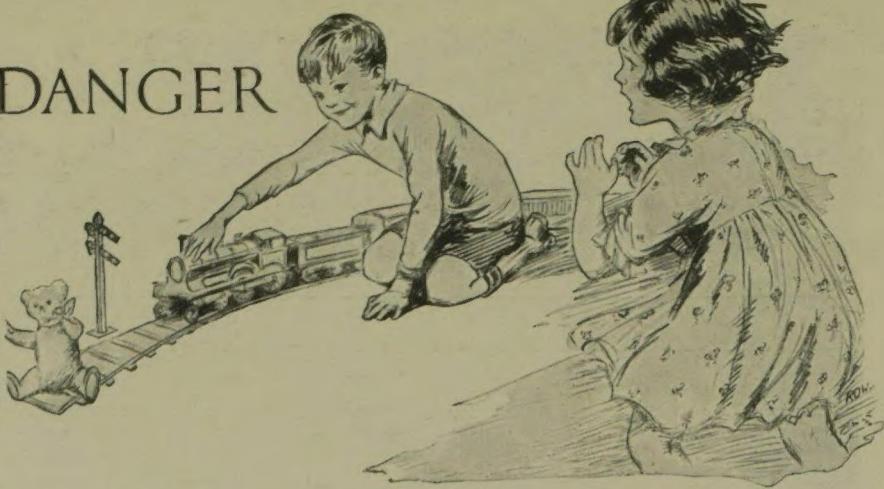
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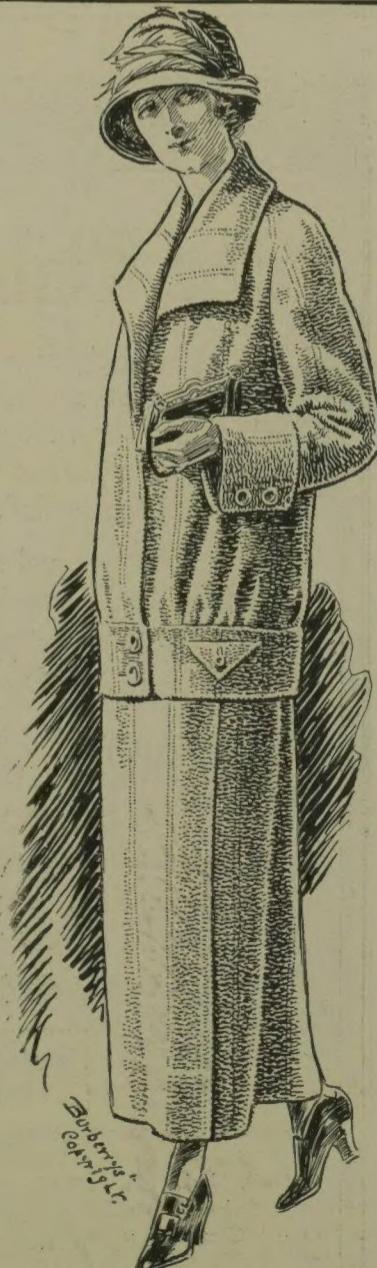
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1923.

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BOMBING A BATTLE-SHIP: THE DIFFICULTY OF SPOTTING RESULTS THROUGH CLOUDS AND BREAKING WAVES.

The bombing trials recently carried out by R.A.F. machines off the Isle of Wight, with a battle-cruiser (H.M.S. "Agamemnon") as target, are illustrated from the target's point of view by a double-page drawing in this number. Here we show the same incident from the point of view of the aeroplanes, which attacked from heights of 8000 and 14,000 feet, to which, under war conditions, they would be driven by gunfire. "The test," writes our artist, "was made under very adverse weather conditions, a high wind and cloud drift making great difficulty for the air pilots. The drawing shows the 'Agamemnon' as seen from the aeroplanes.

In the 'foreground' is a D.H.9.A (Liberty-engined) machine manoeuvring for position. On the left (below) is the destroyer 'Truant,' from which the 'Agamemnon' was controlled by wireless. The picture illustrates the very small and difficult mark which even a huge battle-cruiser affords to an air-bomber. Aiming was difficult owing to the clouds and the zig-zag course of the ship, while the 'white caps of the sea,' caused by the high wind, made it very hard for the observer to see the effect of his shot. He is shown leaning over to the port side of the 'plane, watching his bomb-sighting gear, which is fitted to the side of the fuselage."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is often said that the politician is a chameleon changing colour with his party environment. It is not so often noticed that the political party is a chameleon very often changing colour to suit the colour of the other parties, and even of the opposite parties. It is not merely a question of the insect looking like a leaf to escape the bird; it is sometimes even a question of the bird looking like a leaf in order to resemble the insect. The Tory has taken a little of the colour of the Liberal, the Liberal a little of the colour of the Socialist, the Socialist a great deal of the colour of the Liberal. To-day the parties are chameleons that have changed colour so often as to be practically colourless.

In that very able and valuable book, "The Enemies of Liberty," by Mr. E. S. P. Haynes (which is published, by the way, by Grant Richards, and well worth getting), I came on the following passage: "I believe that any plutocrat who has any enthusiasm to restore the Liberal Party as the party of individual liberty could do so without very much trouble. Yet what is called the Liberal Party to-day appears to represent nothing but a sinister combination of Puritanism and State Socialism; and in these respects is really more dangerous than the Labour Party, which is obviously more educable. The old proverb, 'Corruptio optimi pessima,' still applies to the contemporary Liberal."

back to fundamental questions, but we have no parties capable of debating about fundamental differences. The parties have deformed and destroyed themselves time after time, for they have committed the supreme suicide—they have yielded to the spirit of the times.

Take first, for instance, the case of the Tory Party. Any thinking man of any theoretical opinions can see at this moment that one possible solution of the modern problem is to strengthen the monarchy. Perhaps we may be permitted to say, rather, to re-establish the monarchy. It has in all ages been one obvious alternative to Parliamentarism, when Parliamentarism was unpopular and corrupt. To-day any number of people are saying that Parliamentarism is unpopular and corrupt; but nobody is saying that the alternative to it is the cure for it. There is no Tory Party to urge the monarchy to take its place. Yet to urge the monarchy to that very task was the very purpose for which anybody ever created a Tory Party—the very motive with which originally anybody became a Tory. But the Tory Party cannot be Royalist—that is, the Tory Party cannot be Tory.

It cannot be what it was originally meant to be, because it allowed itself to be conquered—or at any rate, captured—by that totally different thing called aristocracy—the aristocracy that triumphed in the

paradox. Yet, by taking its colour from "a sinister combination of Puritanism and State Socialism," the political mentality of the modern Liberal has become almost entirely that of a coercionist and controller of other men's lives. Just as Toryism has turned into a local snobbishness which is the very opposite of the old appeal to a strong central government, so the Liberal has lost all sense of local liberties and is himself making the strong central government more centralised and more strong. He is for giving it control over things that no free man ever dreamed of seeing controlled, such as the liquor he drinks with his meals or the way he deals with his children. Now, as a matter of fact, this officious officialism is arousing very definite and general discontent. There is a very great opportunity for anyone who will put himself at the head of a movement to maintain personal liberty. The only person who cannot put himself at its head seems to be the person who bears its name. The Liberal has got into a position in which he cannot plead for liberty. He has taken too much of the colour of the collectivism of Labour and the coercionism of Empire. By becoming half a Socialist he has missed the chance of scoring as an Individualist. The old yellow flag of individual Radicalism might now be hailed as something really distinct from the red flag of Communism, only it has been content to become a sort of pink flag of a cautious collectivism.



THE KING AND QUEEN AS GUESTS OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND FOR GOODWOOD: THEIR MAJESTIES IN A GROUP OF THE HOUSE PARTY AT GOODWOOD HOUSE.

From left to right in the photograph are—(standing) Sir Charles Cust, Earl Spencer, Colonel Clive Wigram, Miss Cotterell, the Earl of Sefton, Lady Cavan, Lord Molyneux, the King, Lady Violet Brassey, Sir Leonard Brassey, the Earl of Jersey, the Earl of Durham, Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, the Duke of Northumberland, Captain Greer, Brigadier-General C. Trotter, Colonel E. Gibbs,

and Colonel Maitland; (sitting) Lady Helena Gibbs, the Countess of Jersey, Lady Meux, the Countess of Mar and Kellie, Countess Spencer, the Duke of Richmond, the Queen, the Duchess of Northumberland, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Earl of Cavan, the Countess of Minto, and Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox; (on the ground in front) Master Richard Gordon-Lennox, and Lord Inverclyde.

Photograph by Hutchinson and Russell.

If we have been told once we have been told a hundred times that a party or a cause or a creed can only prevail if it goes with the spirit of the age. According to our intelligence, we have perceived the first time it was said, or the hundredth time it was said, that the saying is utterly false and a flat contradiction of the facts. The truth is that almost every party cause would be at this moment in a much stronger position if it had held strictly to its original formula—to what most people would now call its arrogant and antiquated formula. This is true of a great many more serious things of religion and morals; but it happens to be singularly and even humorously true of the political parties in this country.

Each of our political parties, by forgetting its own first word, has really lost the chance of having the last word. By forgetting all they said in the seventeenth century or the eighteenth century, they have found themselves with nothing at all to say in the twentieth century. But, as a matter of fact, what they were then saying is exactly what we now want to have said. Modern events, like the War or the Labour troubles, have been so enormous that they have cloven the earth like earthquakes and gone down to the oldest strata of the stratified past. There would be a great deal for the learned to learn in those geological strata if they could only overcome their pedantic prejudice against fossils. Nothing would do them more good as political biologists than to study the first forms of life. In other words, nothing would do them more good as political philosophers than to study the first incipits of politics; and these are excellently exhibited in those primary alternative types of government about which men fought in simpler times. We have got

Revolution and the reign of Walpole. Aristocracy is the absolute antagonist of monarchy; it always has been and it always must be. In other words, the Tories could not be Tories because the Tories all became Whigs. They all accepted the purely Whig theory of Parliamentary oligarchy. They admitted—nay, they boasted—of the impotence of the Crown as a point of patriotic pride. They represented the impotence of the Crown as part of what they called the Constitution. And these degenerate Tories, having been faithless to the Crown which did exist in favour of the Constitution which did not exist, are now unable to take advantage of a real reaction in favour of a responsible ruler. I do not suppose that the unfortunate gentlemen who make themselves a subject of mild interest to crossing-sweepers and policemen by wearing white roses and decorating King Charles's statue at Charing Cross, can now do very much in the matter, especially as I believe there are no Stuarts to restore. It may seem vain to be a Jacobite without any Jacobus Rex; but one might still be a Royalist while there is still Royalty. At any rate, it would be more logical than being a Unionist who has abolished the Union, or a Conservative with nothing to conserve. I doubt whether even the White Rose is more withered than the Primrose.

But the case is precisely the same with the Liberal Party, as mentioned by Mr. Haynes in the passage I have already quoted. That a Liberal should stand for liberty is something that may, perhaps, be common enough in the world of theory; I mean something that is at once an obvious platitude and an arduous ideal. But that a Liberal should invariably stand against liberty is surely a somewhat unnecessary

But, believe me, the Red Flag of revolution is every bit as much off colour. If Liberalism has borrowed needlessly from Labour, it is equally true that Labour has borrowed even more needlessly from Liberalism. Every Labour programme or proclamation begins with a solemn invocation of the sacredness of Free Trade—that is, of the sacredness of the supremely bourgeois and capitalist tradition of Cobden and Bright. Nearly every Labour programme or proclamation goes on to set forth a series of exceedingly meddlesome middle-class fads, the new religions of the suburbs which no navy has ever heard of in his life: feminism and eugenics and prohibition and probably vegetariansim. These things are as obvious in Labour leagues as they are unknown among labourers. And all the time that these fads are flourished, less and less seems to be said about the original purpose of Socialism—the original purpose which I had in view when I was a Socialist. The only reason I had for being a Socialist, the only reason any reasonable person ought to have for being a Socialist, was to save a population on the verge of starvation from the results of the blunder of capitalism. I now believe that they could be saved in another and much better way. But I cannot conceive why they should attack this blunder of capitalism by loading themselves with all the other blunders of capitalism—its contempt for the individual soul, its belief in the sweeping regulation, its servile and vulgar soul. As a fact, as Mr. Penty has pointed out, the old original aim of Socialism was to attack the problem of machinery. To-day there is once more a problem of machinery. Socialism would be far stronger if it went back to its first position; but in that it only resembles all the other parties of the State.

HOME EVENTS: AN IMPORTANT WEDDING; THE AERIAL DERBY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., KEYSTONE VIEW CO. HUNTER (BUXTON) TOPICAL, AND CENTRAL PRESS.

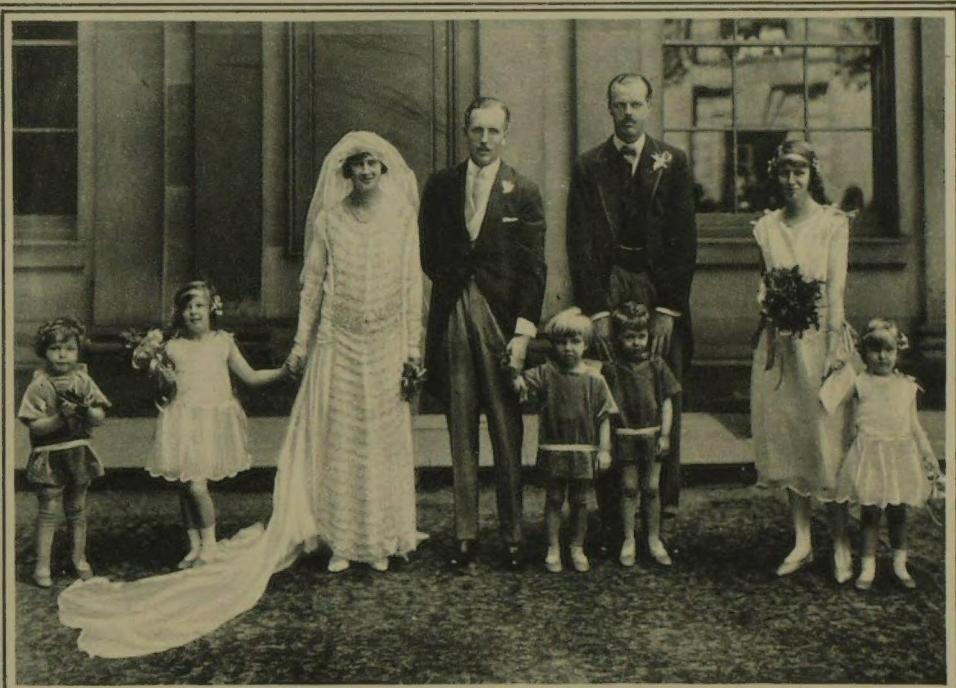


PRINCESS MARY AND LORD LASCELLES CROSS THE OUSE IN A BOAT, WITH THE LORD INVITED TO CHATSWORTH BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE ON THE OCCASION OF HIS MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS OF YORK: A VISIT TO THE BURTON BOYS' CAMP.

DAUGHTER'S WEDDING: TENANTS AND EMPLOYEES OF THE ESTATE ARRIVING.



LEAVING EDENSOR CHURCH UNDER A SHOWER OF ROSE-PETALS: THE HON. JAMES STUART AND HIS BRIDE, LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WITH THE DEPUTY BEST MAN, CAPTAIN PATRICK BRADSHAW, LADY ANNE CAVENDISH, AND YOUNGER BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGES: A WEDDING GROUP.



LED BY EARL BEAUCHAMP (LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS), THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AND EARL GRANVILLE: A CHURCH PROCESSION AT DEAL.

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles recently opened the Linton hydro-electric power station erected by the York Corporation about twelve miles from the city. They were then rowed across the Ouse, with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of York, and visited the Burton Boys' Camp.—The wedding of Lady Rachel Cavendish, fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and Captain the Hon. James Gray Stuart, son of the Earl and Countess of Moray, and formerly Equerry to the Duke of York, took place on August 4 at St. Peter's, Edensor, near Chatsworth. The bridesmaids were Lady Anne Cavendish (youngest sister of the bride), Miss Arbell Mackintosh, and Miss Pamela Cobbold. The pages



"LEADING-IN" THE WINNER OF THE AERIAL DERBY: MR. L. L. CARTER BEING HELPED ALONG ON LANDING AT CROYDON AFTER A TRYING ORDEAL.

were Lord Andrew Cavendish, Master "Sandy" Buller, and Master Maurice Macmillan. Captain Patrick Bradshaw acted as best man in the absence, through indisposition, of Lord Doune, the bridegroom's brother.—On Sunday, August 5, the Mayor and Corporation of Deal attended Divine Service at St. George's, Deal.—The Aerial Derby, flown over a course around outer London on Bank Holiday, August 6, was won by Mr. L. L. Carter on the Gloster, a biplane of only 20-ft. span with a 450-h.p. Napier Lion engine. His average speed was 192·4 m.p.h.—a record for the race—and he finished at 220 m.p.h. During the race an oil-pipe burst, covering his face with oil and almost blinding him, but he succeeded in carrying on.

AS "A WARM FRIEND OF FRANCE," DEPRECATING AN "ESTRANGEMENT OF HEART": THE PREMIER'S SPEECH.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



"HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT HAVE DECIDED TO LAY BEFORE PARLIAMENT THE
IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS MAKING HIS IMPORTANT STATEMENT

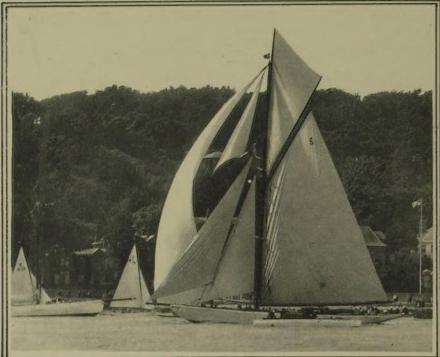
The Government statement on reparations and the Ruhr was read in identical terms by the Prime Minister (Mr. Stanley Baldwin) in the House of Commons, and by the Foreign Secretary (Viscount Curzon) in the House of Lords. It recalled that the British Government on July 20 forwarded to the Allied Governments of France, Belgium, Italy and Japan a draft reply which it suggested should be sent by the Allies to the German Memorandum of June 7. The British Government "regret not to find [in the replies from France and Belgium] the material for sending the Allied answer to the German Note . . . indeed, the draft reply submitted by His Majesty's Government is not mentioned in the French and Belgian replies. Nor do these Notes appear to hold

PAPERS WHICH RECORD THEIR VIEWS* AND ENDEAVOURS*: MR. STANLEY BALDWIN
ON BRITISH POLICY REGARDING REPARATIONS AND THE RUHR.

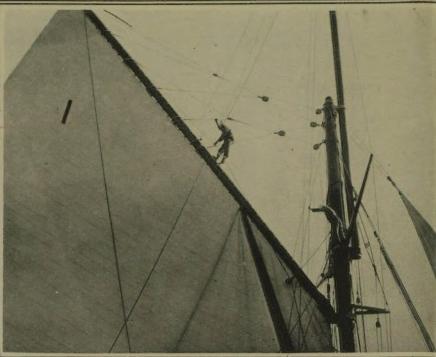
out any definite prospect of an early alteration of the situation. . . . In these circumstances His Majesty's Government have decided to lay before Parliament the papers which record their own views and endeavours." In his speech, the Premier said: "There might easily ensue the last thing in the world I would like to see, an estrangement of heart between our people and those who took the opposite view. I hope and believe that nothing of the kind will ever happen; but as a warm friend of France . . . I think it is only a mark of friendship to say what I have just said." Behind him are (right to left) Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, Sir S. Hoare, Mr. W. C. Bridgeman, Mr. R. McNeill, Lord R. Cecil, Mr. N. Chamberlain, and Sir M. Barlow.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.)

THE GREAT FESTIVAL OF THE YACHTING WORLD: COWES WEEK—ROYAL AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

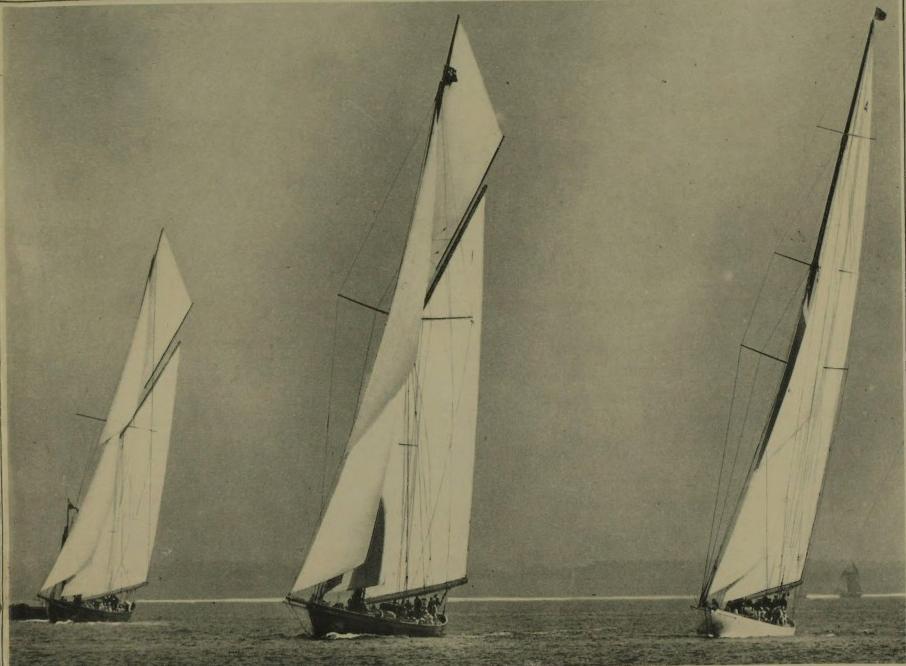
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SOUTHEY AND GENERAL, BRUNELI ILLUSTRATIONS, AND L.N.A.



DEFEATER OF "BRITANNIA" AND "NYRIA" AT COWES: MR. C. P. JOHNSON'S CUTTER "MOONBEAM" PASSING THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.



HANDLING THE KING'S RACING YACHT: SAILORS IN THE RIGGING OF THE "BRITANNIA," WHICH COMPETED IN THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB REGATTA.



THE START OF THE HANDICAP RACE FOR YACHTS EXCEEDING 75 TONS, IN THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB REGATTA AT COWES: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. R. H. LEE'S "TERPSICHORE," THE KING'S "BRITANNIA," AND MRS. E. R. WORKMAN'S "NYRIA."



WITH THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" AND ATTENDANT WARSHIPS LYING IN THE ROADSTEAD: A BUSY SCENE ON THE PARADE AT COWES ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE GREAT YACHTING WEEK—A STEAMER CROWDED WITH SPECTATORS AT THE PIERHEAD.



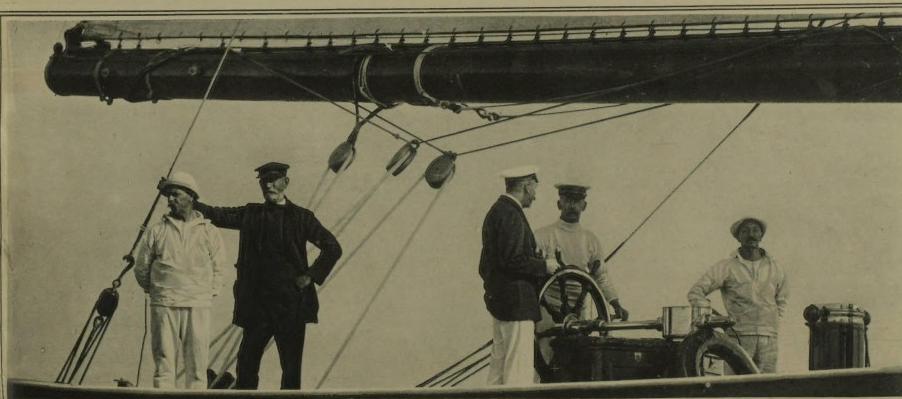
LANDING AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON: THE QUEEN FOLLOWED BY THE KING—ON THE RIGHT, PRINCESS VICTORIA.



AN UNLUCKY COMPETITOR: MR. R. H. LEE'S "TERPSICHORE," WHICH SPLITT HER MAINSAIL.



THE KING ON BOARD HIS YACHT: HIS MAJESTY AND THE MARQUISE D'HAUTPOUL (SEATED) TALKING TO PRINCE GEORGE.



THE KING AS A YACHTSMAN: HIS MAJESTY TALKING TO THE "MAN AT THE WHEEL" ABOARD HIS RACING CUTTER "BRITANNIA," WHICH COMPETED IN THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB REGATTA ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE COWES WEEK.

Cowes yachting week began on Monday, August 6. On the previous Saturday the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert" arrived, with the King and Queen on board, and a deputation of yachtsmen presented the King with Mr. Norman Wilkinson's Royal Academy picture of the "Britannia" racing in the Solent. Then their Majesties came ashore, and landed at the steps of the Royal Yacht Squadron, to the delight of the crowds of spectators assembled on the parade. On Sunday the King and Queen attended Divine Service on board H.M.S. "Barham." Racing began on the Monday, with the Royal London Yacht Club's regatta. The weather was perfect, and the gathering both afloat and ashore was the best seen at Cowes since the summer of 1913. The chief race of the

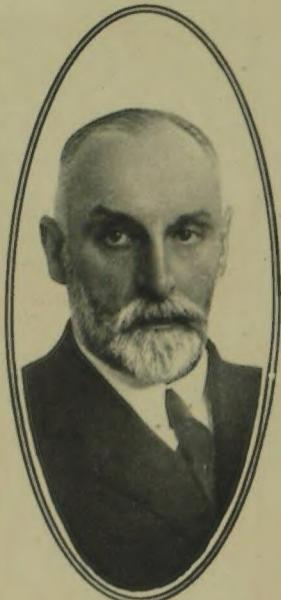
day, the handicap for yachts over 75 tons, was won by Mr. C. P. Johnson's cutter "Moonbeam," while Mrs. E. R. Workman's "Nyria" was second. The King's cutter "Britannia," which shows at her best in a stronger wind, came in third on the handicap. She was scratch boat, and had to allow "Nyria" 5 min. 51 sec., Mr. R. H. Lee's "Terpsichore," 8 min. 27 sec., and "Moonbeam" 25 min. 21 sec. Although the wind was light, there were one or two mishaps, notably the splitting of the mainsail of "Terpsichore." The Royal Yacht Squadron's regatta was arranged for August 7, when the chief event was the annual race for the King's Cup.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: INTERESTING ILLUSTRATIONS OF NOTABLE EVENTS.

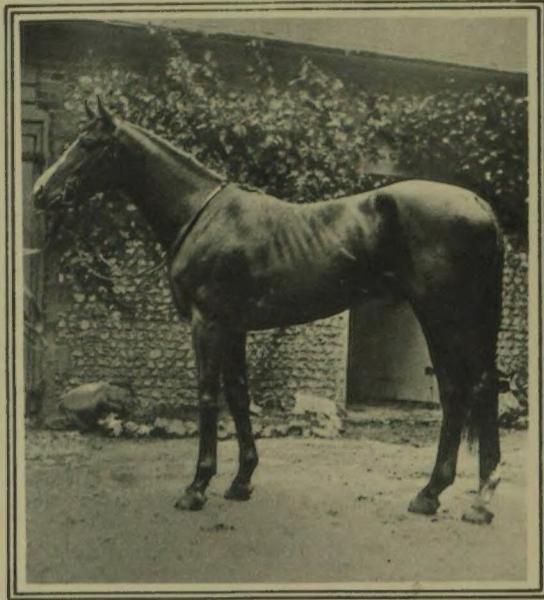
PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. PHOTOPRESS, MUNCH, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND TOPICAL.



THE THIRD MAN TO SWIM THE CHANNEL: HENRY SULLIVAN (U.S.A.)



MANAGER OF THE KENT COUNTY CRICKET CLUB: THE LATE MR. TOM PAWLEY.



A "RECORD"-MAKING WINNER OF THE STEWARDS' CUP AT GOODWOOD: M. P. WERTHEIMER'S EPINARD.



ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE PORTUGUESE REPUBLIC: DR. TEXEIRA GOMES.



OF "MOUNTED INFANTRY" FAME: THE LATE GENERAL SIR EDWARD HUTTON.



PREPARING TO BLOW UP THE HISTORIC BRITISH CRUISER "VINDICTIVE" IN OSTEND HARBOUR: A DIVER ABOUT TO GO OVER THE SIDE OF A SALVING SHIP WITH AN EXPLOSIVE CHARGE 9 FT. LONG.



REMARKABLE RESULTS OF A SHUNTING ACCIDENT AT HECK, NEAR SELBY: A GUARD'S VAN RESTING ON THE ROOF OF THE STATION-MASTER'S HOUSE, AND A COAL-TRUCK IN HIS GARDEN.



WHERE TWO MOTORISTS WERE CRUSHED TO DEATH BY A LANDSLIDE, NEAR CAPE TOWN: THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY, SHOWING THE BURIED WIND-SCREEN AND HOOD, AND A SPARE WHEEL.



AFTER BEING CRUSHED, WITH ITS TWO OCCUPANTS, BY AN AVALANCHE OF EARTH AND BOULDERS, ON THE MARINE DRIVE NEAR CAMPS BAY: THE WRECKED CAR BROUGHT INTO CAPE TOWN.

Henry Sullivan, the American swimmer, succeeded in swimming the Channel, from Dover to Calais, on August 6 and 7. It was his seventh attempt, and he is the third man to achieve the feat. The others were Captain Webb, on August 24-25, 1875, and T. W. Burgess, on September 6, 1911. Sullivan's time was given as 27 hours 45 min.; that of Burgess was 22 hours 35 min.; and that of Captain Webb 21 hours 45 min.—Mr. Tom Pawley was manager of the Kent County Cricket Club for over twenty years.—The French three-year-old colt, Epinard, owned by M. P. Wertheimer and ridden by E. Haynes, won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, carrying the unusually big weight of 8 st. 6 lb.—Senhor Texeira

Gomes was elected President of the Portuguese Republic on August 6, at Lisbon. Except for a short time in 1919, he has been Portuguese Minister in London since the fall of the Monarchy in 1910.—General Sir Edward Hutton saw much service in Egypt and South Africa, and in 1914-15 organised and commanded the 21st Division of the 3rd Army.—At Heck station, near Selby, part of a train being shunted was knocked over the buffers and landed on the station-master's house, as shown above.—Two motorists, Mrs. Ada Silverman and Mr. Marcus Klein, were killed by a landslide of earth and boulders, which crashed down on their car on the Marine Drive near Camps Bay, Cape Town, on July 19.

TWELVE CENTURIES IN STONE: DISCOVERIES AT THREE YORKSHIRE ABBEYS.

DRAWING AND DESCRIPTION BY MAJOR GORDON HOME.
PHOTOGRAPHS ALSO SUPPLIED BY HIM. NO. 2 AN OFFICIAL
PHOTOGRAPH FOR H.M. OFFICE OF WORKS.



AS IT WAS BEFORE THE RECENT EXCAVATION OF THE NAVE—WHITBY ABBEY—SHOWING GRASS-GROWN MOUNDS COVERING THE BASES OF PIERS AND WALLS.

WHITBY ABBEY occupies the most exposed site of all the English monastic ruins; its only rival being that of Holy Island; but there, although open to the unbroken force of northern blasts, the site is low, while Whitby stands high on its cliff, a landmark for many miles in nearly every direction. It was this unfortunate conspicuousness which drew to the noble ruin the attention of German gunners during one of the raids of the early months of the recent war. The shell which struck the Abbey brought down a good deal of the west end, leaving it as shown in one of the small photographs reproduced on this page; and one of the first successes of H.M. Office of Works was the reconstruction of this portion, with the aid of photographs taken before the damage was wrought. The whole of this end of the nave has been very thoroughly overhauled, and the jointing of the stones is now exceedingly strong. The same careful process of securing the stones of the fabric is being extended to the whole of the ruin, so that, on its completion, there should be no danger of any disaster like that which, in 1830, robbed the outline of the church of its fine central tower. The southern side of the nave fell in 1763, and no attempt at reconstruction having been made, gradually the great mass of broken arches and pillars was lost to sight under a covering of grass-grown soil. It appears probable that the process of disintegration and periodic collapses would have in time robbed England of this strikingly beautiful relic of pre-Reformation days. The taking of the Abbey into its care by H.M. Office of Works has averted this melancholy fate, and with Mr. C. R. Peers,

[Continued opposite.]

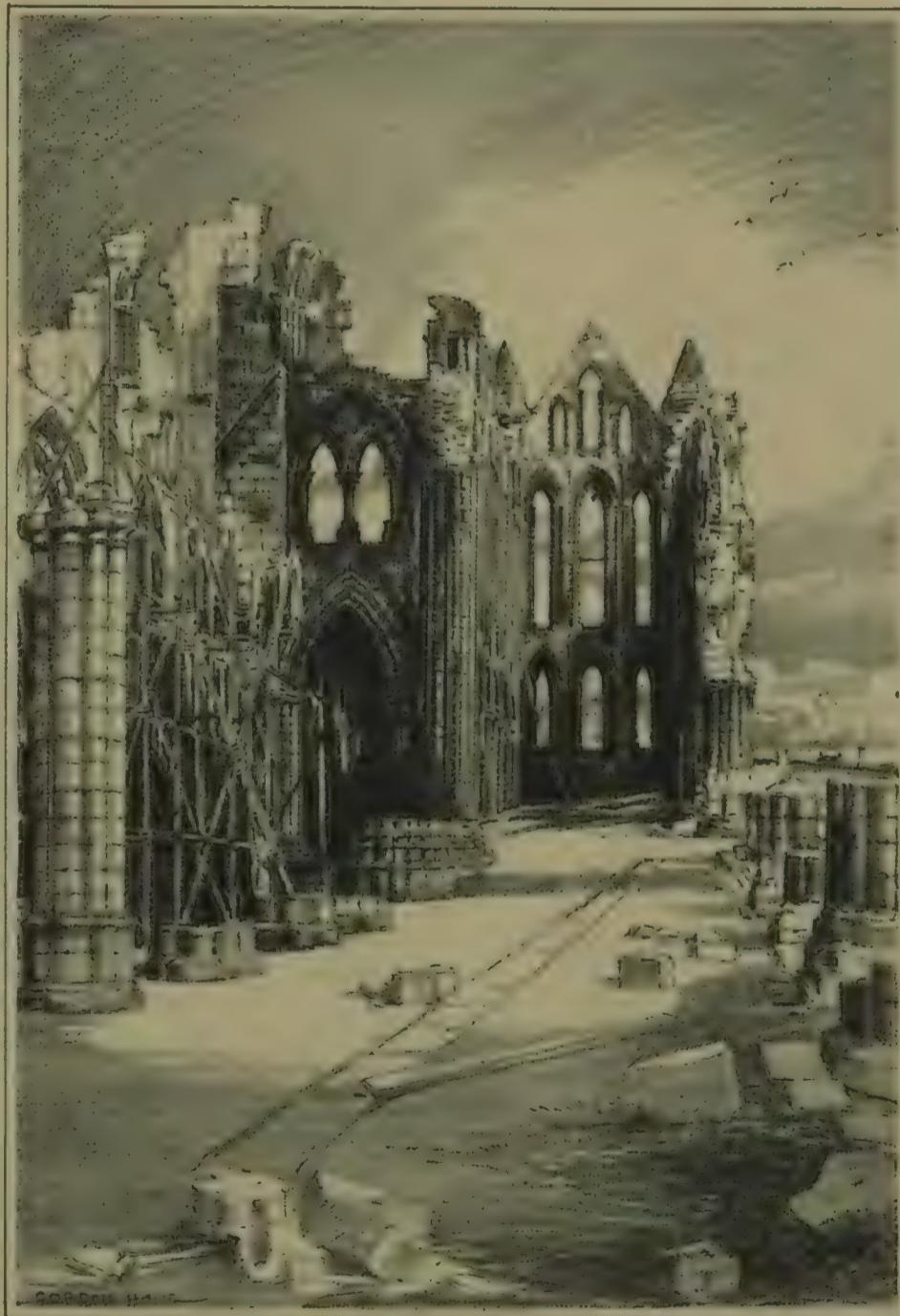
THE Office of Works has been working for several months on three of the famous Abbey ruins of Yorkshire—Whitby, Rievaulx, and Byland; and the results of the excavation are important, not only to the keen archaeologist and historian, but to all interested in seeing as far as possible the complete plan of these great monasteries. Whitby Abbey (Benedictine) had lost most of its nave in 1763; the tower fell in 1830. The grass-grown mounds have been removed, and the lower parts of the piers and walls are again visible. Rievaulx Abbey (Cistercian) consisted of little more than the choir and transepts of the church, and some confused walls of the domestic parts of the monastery. Now the nave can be seen to a considerable part of its height, and the cloisters, refectory, and other interesting buildings are being cleared. Byland Abbey (Cistercian) had suffered terribly, and its plan had disappeared under great grassy heaps of ruin. Here bases of pillars, tiled floors, flights of steps, and moulded plinths are reappearing.



RESULTS OF GERMAN GUNNERY: THE WEST END OF WHITBY ABBEY, DECEMBER 16, 1914.



AS RECONSTRUCTED AFTER BOMBARDMENT, WITH THE AID OF PREVIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS: THE RESTORED WEST END.



REVEALING A STATELY GOTHIC NAVE: WHITBY ABBEY SINCE THE EXCAVATIONS—SHOWING PILLARS NOW VISIBLE COMPLETE, AND THE BASES OF THE SOUTHERN ARCADE PIERS, HITHERTO HIDDEN UNDER GRASS-GROWN MOUNDS AND A MASS OF FALLEN MASONRY.

Continued.] the President of the Society of Antiquaries, actively supervising the operations, excavation and repair on exceedingly conservative lines has given amazingly fine results. The débris having been cleared down to the original floor of the nave, pillars whose upper portions only were visible now stand out complete to their bases; the piers of the southern arcade, which had vanished beneath the mass of fallen masonry, are now exposed to some height above their bases; while flights of steps, sills, portions of pavement, and foundation walls now show the whole arrangement of the building, and its connection with the vanished domestic portions. The foundations of the Norman apsidal chapels of the transepts, which had quite disappeared, have been brought to light. It is known that the Abbey was founded in 656, by St. Hilda, to whom the site was given by Oswiu, King of Northumbria, and that about two centuries later the Danes, under Halfdén, Ingvar, and Hubba, sacked the place, and that it was not rebuilt until after the Norman Conquest. No structural evidences of the first building had been discovered when the present excavations were begun, and it is, therefore a matter of great interest to historians, as well as archaeologists, to know that some very early foundations have been unearthed just beyond the present west end of the Abbey church. There are many indications showing that the structure was of wattle and daub, and still more interesting are the evidences of fire to be seen. If these foundations belong to St. Hilda's Abbey, they form a visual link between the present and that shadowy age when Romanised Britain had only lately become England.

The re-discovery of lost portions of an Abbey whose history goes back so far as that of Whitby is a matter of vital concern to all who are interested in the story of the building of the British nation. By means of the spades and picks of the carefully watched workmen employed by H.M. Office of Works, corroboration of the historians' records are being accumulated. Although the modern archaeologist is disinclined to jump to conclusions, there is no doubt whatever that the

noble pile of Whitby Abbey already offers very much more of interest to all who climb the long flight of broad stone steps from the quaint harbour down below. The very early foundations at the west end point to the first primitive abbey; the Norman apses tell of the solid reconstruction after the Conquest; and the Transitional and Early English work of the choir and transept link up the Decorated nave, now fully exposed to view.

PRESERVING OLD BYLAND; RIEVAULX;

DRAWINGS AND DESCRIPTION



PROTECTING A TWELFTH-CENTURY FANE: SHORING UP
THE ANCIENT WALLS AT BYLAND ABBEY.



A SHRIINE SET IN A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY: RIEVAULX
ABBAY, FROM THE TERRACE IN DUNCOMBE PARK.

RIEVAULX and Byland Abbeys are in secluded spots, far from the madding crowd even to-day. For Cistercian monasteries, remote sites, difficult of access, were required by the statutes of the Order, and to this we owe the exceeding beauty of the positions occupied by both of these two. Rievaulx has the finest setting, for it is placed on sloping ground at the foot of the steep-sided valley of the river Rye, and the falling ground is beautifully clad with woods adorned with great trees between which the first view of the Abbey is obtained on approaching it from the little market town of Helmsley. Until recently, the visitor found the Abbey church to consist of a splendid choir and transept of Transitional Norman and Early English periods. The nave site was occupied by a hillocky area of grass and nettle-grown mounds, and the majority of those who came to see the ruins were unaware that under this great heap lay buried the twelfth-century nave. The work of clearing this has been carried out with the greatest skill, and now a nave consisting of nine bays, having very severely plain pillars, is exposed to view. It is interesting to find that the aisles were, to a great extent, separated from the nave by walls constructed between the piers. Indications of these walls and remains of the altars can now be seen, as well as portions of the tiled floors.



A LONG-BURIED ARCHITECTURAL TREASURE:

YORKSHIRE, ABBEYS: AND WHITBY.

BY MAJOR GORDON HOME



UNEARTHING THE NAVE AT RIEVAULX ABBEY.



NOW IN CHARGE OF THE OFFICE OF WORKS:
BYLAND ABBEY, WHERE EXCAVATION IS NOW
IN PROGRESS.



THE MOST EXPOSED MONASTIC SITE IN ENGLAND:
WHITBY ABBEY, NOW "OVERHAULED" AND
STRENGTHENED FOR POSTERITY.

The story of Byland Abbey is rich in incident, for the third Abbot, writing when the events were freshly remembered, tells of the curious vicissitudes of the founding. He records how Abbot Gerald and a dozen monks of Furness Abbey, having settled at Calder, which was too close to the Scottish border to be a peaceful retreat, had returned to the parent Abbey, where, with curiously un-Christian hardness, they were refused readmittance. This obliged them to commence the long journey across the wild backbone of England in order to obtain aid from Archbishop Thurstan of York. They carried their books and supplies in an ox-drawn wagon, and reached the neighbourhood of Thirsk, where, by good fortune, they were hospitably received, and given a site for an Abbey. After four years the little community, disliking the position, obtained another at Old Byland, where, however, they found themselves so close to Rievaulx that the sound

of the neighbouring Abbey's bells worried them to such an extent that yet another migration took place, and on this occasion it was to the site where the ruins of their monastery adorn the landscape to-day. Here, towards the end of the twelfth century, arose a stately pile of the Transitional Norman period, if severe in treatment of detail, must have been magnificent in its broad lines. In 1322 the secluded neighbourhood of Byland echoed to the shouts and clash of weapons, when Edward the Second's army, retreating from Scotland before the victorious Scots, suffered a severe defeat on the hills above the Abbey. One account of the battle tells how Edward, while dining with the Abbot, was compelled to fling himself into the saddle and gallop southwards just as the Scots, flushed with victory, poured down upon the Abbey.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE CITY OF ROBIN HOOD AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND



A CALL AT ONE OF NOTTINGHAM'S LEADING INDUSTRIES: THE PRINCE (IN CAR, RAISING HAT) ARRIVES AT PLAYER'S TOBACCO FACTORY.



A MODEL OF A BUILDING OF WHICH THE PRINCE LAID THE FOUNDATION STONE: THE GATEWAY OF THE NEW TRENTSIDE PARK.



THE PRINCE LEAVING A LABORATORY WHERE INSULIN IS PREPARED: CHEERED BY GIRLS EMPLOYED AT BOOT'S CHEMICAL WORKS.



LAID BY THE PRINCE: THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE GATEWAY TO THE NEW PARK PRESENTED BY SIR JESSE BOOT.



THE PRINCE (ON THE LEFT) WALKING WITH THE MAYOR OF NOTTINGHAM: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AND ALDERMAN E. L. MANNING.



AT THE ELLERSLIE HOME FOR PARALYSED SAILORS AND SOLDIERS: THE PRINCE AT THE BEDSIDE OF A PATIENT WITH WAR DECORATIONS.

THE FIRST SPINNING-FRAME: THE VISIT TO NOTTINGHAM.

GENERAL, G.P.U., AND TOPICAL.



WHERE THE PRINCE (SEEN NEAR THE CENTRE WITH THE MAYOR) REPLIED TO ADDRESSES FROM THE CORPORATION AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL: THE GREAT MARKET SQUARE AT NOTTINGHAM, GAILY DECORATED FOR THE OCCASION.



THE PRINCE'S ARRIVAL AT THE CITY BOUNDARY: H.R.H. SHAKING HANDS WITH THE MAYOR OF NOTTINGHAM, PRESENTED BY THE DUKE OF PORTLAND (ON THE RIGHT) WITH WHOM THE PRINCE WAS STAYING AT WELBECK ABBEY.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Portland, whose guest he was at Welbeck Abbey, drove into Nottingham on August 1 for a visit of ceremony to that city. On the way he passed through Mansfield, where he received a civic welcome, and inspected a great gathering of some 20,000 school-children at Nottingham Forest, a great natural amphitheatre, the traditional scene of some of the pranks of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. At Bulwell Market Place, which marks the city boundary, the Prince was received by the Mayor of Nottingham (Alderman Manning), the Mayores, and members of the Corporation. The Duke of Portland made the presentations. From thence the Prince's route lay through the streets of Nottingham, whose inhabitants greeted him with great enthusiasm. The first halt was made at Ellerslie House, a home for paralysed sailors and soldiers. The procession then arrived in

the great Market Square, gaily decorated for the occasion, and the Prince made two speeches in reply to addresses from the Corporation and the County Council. It was recalled that Nottingham received its first Royal Charter from Henry II. in 1155. The Prince said that ever since the eighteenth century, when Arkwright set up the first spinning-frame near the spot on which they stood, Nottingham had steadily developed on the right lines. Before lunching with the Mayor at Nottingham Castle, the Prince inspected ex-Service men on parade, and laid the foundation-stone of the gateway of the new Trentside Park presented to the city by Sir Jesse Boot. In the afternoon he visited various factories, and on his way back to Welbeck called at the Miners' Welfare Centre at Edwinstowe Hall.

PORTRAITS OF PETS AS WALL DECORATION: MAUD EARL PANELS.

FROM THE DECORATIVE PANELS BY MAUD EARL. PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALMAN AND CO., NEW YORK.

A "MAUD EARL PANEL" PAINTED FOR MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY:
PORTRAITS OF HER POLICE DOG AND MACAW.MRS. GEORGE BLUMENTHAL'S
"PEKES," A GOLD SCREEN.A STUDY OF A PEKINGESE AND A MANDARIN DUCK:
A DECORATIVE WALL PANEL BY MISS MAUD EARL.

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE'S PEKINGESE: A GOLD PANEL BY MISS MAUD EARL, THE FAMOUS ANIMAL ARTIST.

This is a typical example of the new form of wall decoration introduced by Miss Maud Earl, the famous animal artist, in the shape of decorative panels in Oriental style containing portraits of pets belonging to the owner of the house.

PAINTED BY MISS MAUD EARL FOR MR. HOBART AMES, OF NORTH EASTON, BOSTON,
AND LA GRANGE, TENNESSEE: HIS SETTER, "RAY."

Miss Maud Earl, the well-known animal artist, who has for some time been working in America, has devised a new style of mural decoration taking the form of decorative panels. These are known as Maud Earl decorations, and when an entire room is panelled with them it is called a Maud Earl room. As our

illustrations indicate, her work is becoming the vogue both in private residences and large hotels in the States. Her decorative schemes are painted on either gold or silver panels, and represent various animals and birds, flowers, old Chinese porcelain, and in many instances portraits of pets belonging to the clients for

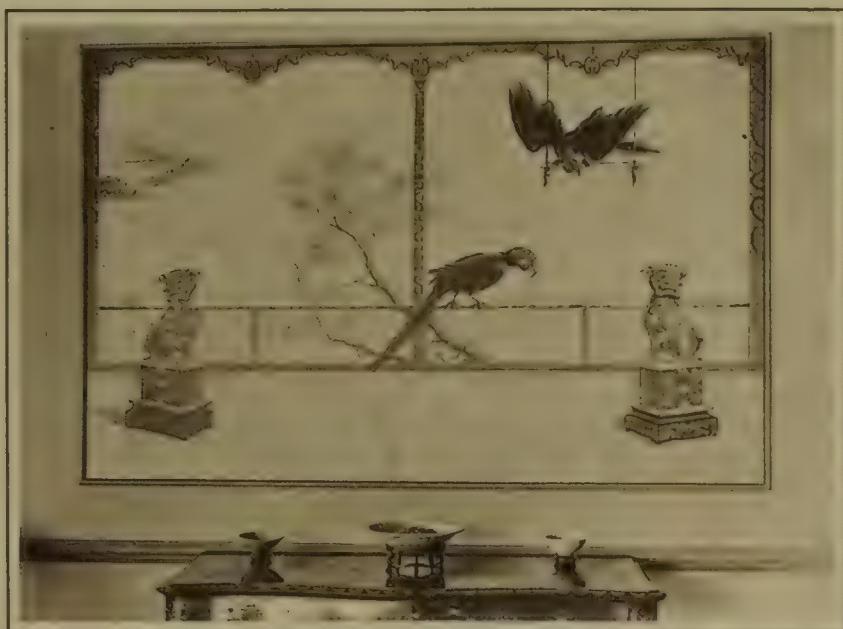
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ANIMAL WALL PAINTINGS IN ORIENTAL SETTINGS: MAUD EARL PANELS.

FROM THE DECORATIVE PANELS BY MISS MAUD EARL. LOWER PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALMAN AND CO., NEW YORK.



A CORNER OF MISS MAUD EARL'S STUDIO AT 590, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK: SILVER PANELS WITH PAINTINGS OF PARROTS AND COCKATOOS.



TYPICAL OF MISS MAUD EARL'S ORIENTAL WORK, CONSIDERED THE MOST CHINESE IN FEELING EVER PRODUCED BY A WESTERNER: A SILVER PANEL.



PAINTED FOR MISS THEODORA WILBUR: A GOLD PANEL BY MISS MAUD EARL.

The three dogs seen in the painting—a Pekingese (in the centre) and two Japanese spaniels—are portraits of pets belonging to Miss Wilbur, for whom the panel was executed. Such animal portraits by Miss Maud Earl are coming into vogue for wall decoration in American Society



A PARCHMENT PANEL FROM THE "COCKATOO ROOM" AT THE RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, ATLANTIC CITY: A NOTABLE EXAMPLE OF MISS MAUD EARL'S WORK IN WALL DECORATION.

Continued.]

whom the work is carried out. Such portraits form an interesting and permanent souvenir of comparatively short-lived creatures. All Miss Earl's decorative paintings are done in the Eastern manner, and Oriental critics have expressed the opinion that her work is the most genuinely Chinese in feeling that has ever been produced

by a Western artist. At the same time, it may be remarked, there is no loss of realism or fidelity to life in the animal subjects, which are very skilfully made to harmonise with the more decorative character of the settings. It will be interesting to see whether this kind of wall decoration finds favour in this country.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

DIGRESSIONS are often the choicest parts of discourse. "I will not digress," said Mr. Micawber, but he was best when he did. Digression is the making of the Essay. To turn aside and yet preserve a whimsical relevancy is the supreme prerogative of Charles Lamb. He alone, setting out on a theme strictly of the playhouse, could glide into that delicious excursus on "F., the most gentlemanly of oilmen," or vary the more obvious ethics of "Grace Before Meat" with the discussion of that most delicate question—"that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings." C. L. only grazes the subject. Would that he had returned to it and written at length "The Moral Philosophy of Apple-Dumplings"! For in these "innocuous cates" there resides a world of philosophy, physical and metaphysical. The physical problem was uppermost with George III.; the metaphysical with Elia, who, beyond all men, could have done full justice to both.

But Lamb, if he did not choose, in the narrower vein of the specialist, to exhaust the possibilities of apple-dumplings, at any rate brought gastronomy as a whole into its most exquisite relation with literature. The connection is old enough, in all conscience; although the cookery-book of Apicius may be the work of some fifteenth-century *chef*, and no Imperial Roman's authentic scripture. If Juvenal did not descend to actual *recipes*, he leaves us in no doubt as to the menu. Coronation records of the Middle Ages smack succulently of savoury meats and "sotelties." For the pass-supper of George Neville of Balliol, brother of the King Maker, in 1452, no fewer than 600 messes were served "the first day." The second course alone convicts our ablest modern trencherman of a sad falling-off.

It opened with Vian in brace, following this up with Crane in sawee, Young Pocock, Coney, Pigeons, Bytor, Curlew, Carcell, Partrych, Venison baked, Fried meat in paste, Lesh Lambert, a Frutor, and a Sutteltie. If the connection between this high-feeding and literature seem obscure, the answer is that George Neville's banquet gave a historical essayist his chance to link, with his characteristically light and informing touch, "the last splendour of the feudal time" with the first dawn of the new learning from Italy.

Mrs. Glasse (1747) may not be literature, but she has inspired literary controversy. The critics have thought it worth while to prove that the famous Cookery Book, first published anonymously in 1747, and signed "H. Glasse" only in the fourth edition of 1751, was not the work of Dr. John Hill. Usefully also they have exploded the popular fallacy about "First catch your hare." That advice does not occur in Mrs. Glasse. Mrs. Rundell's "Domestic Cookery" found its way into remarkable literary company. Of this book, one of Murray's greatest popular hits, an Edinburgh bookseller, ordering "poesy and cookery," wrote to the publisher—"The *Harold* and *Cookery* are much wanted." No one needs to be reminded of how this bibliopolic *liaison* between Mrs. Rundell and himself amused Byron, or how at a later day he wrote to Mr. Murray—

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine—
The "Art of Cookery," and mine,
My Murray.

Nowadays the divinity of the cookery book resides chiefly in its practical effects. As reading, it is usually too much akin to the dictionary to exert the charm of polite letters. It comes perilously near the *biblion*

a-biblion of Lamb. "Read out," it would be, as C. L. said of the newspaper, "intolerable." But there are exceptions. The older were better: we have lyrical Scappi and the "Rhetorating Floscules" of other seventeenth-century writers. At least one modern treatise on gastronomy, which has just appeared in a new and revised edition, combines the gusto of the gourmet with the savour of the stylist. And, like all true essays, this work is happy in its digressions, its relevant irrelevancies. One of the best of these is to be found in the Introduction to the new edition, where the author preludes her Art of Cookery with a Footnote to the History of Journalism, and sets up a little tablet of memory to the wittiest epoch of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—the reign of Astor and Henry Cockayne Cust. This cookery book, like that newspaper in the period celebrated, can be "read out," without evoking the cry "Intolerable!" from the gentle shade of Elia.

The digression is entirely appropriate; for these essays, "A GUIDE FOR THE GREEDY BY A GREEDY

looks like severely qualified admiration. But that, I understand, was far from the writer's intention. He does justice, at any rate, to the "dancing wit and drollery of the daily title of the leader," and to the appearance in "Occ. Notes" of "a piece of Grecized doggerel, which, if not Attic, was at least sparklingly clever." If he spoke of these delectable things as likely "to scare and irritate the average man," his criticism was levelled not at Cust, but at a Boëotian public. Let the scribe pay for his faulty expression; happily, Mrs. Pennell has done well what he did ill, and the palmiest time of the *P.M.G.* has now received its due.

This is a long grace before meat, rivalling that imagined by Miss Ella Hill Burton in her one novel, but imagined with good historical foundation as to length. To this grace, said at Dunottar by Andrew Cant, the eminent Covenanting divine, "the Marquis of Montrose put a period at the end of half-an-hour." We are to infer that the Rev. Andrew

had hardly got into his stride, and, considering the times and his persuasion, the half-hour was but meagre allowance. Surely such blessings moved the hungry, however devout, to commination, and the food must have grown parlous cold. Fortunately Mrs. Pennell's dainty literary dishes cannot suffer in that way by a prelude too long-drawn-out, but it is a barbarity thus to keep the reader from the feast.

In a second edition it is the new matter that calls especially for notice, and this has taken the form of an Introductory essay. If the cook finds no additional recipes there, she (for the book is addressed particularly to women) will at least be charmed by the delightful bibliography of cookery books, written as a running commentary in the author's wittiest manner. It will attract book-lovers who have no skill of the saucepan, or ambition that way.

Mrs. Pennell's "Autolycus" articles led to her becoming a collector; the sport of cookery book-hunting made her its own, and in time her culinary library had no rival. But—here tragedy intervenes—she can speak of her collection now only in the past tense. It is not what it was—"the blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered," and if these

pages contain remarks uncomplimentary to the Germans, there is good cause. For under stress of war, Mrs. Pennell, on returning to America, left her precious books in an alleged "safe-deposit" in London, rather than expose them to the danger of submarines.

Our treasures escaped the submarines, but—the irony of it!—only to fall victims to a London storm, because the boxes containing them were left where they should not have been, were flooded, and, as no warning was sent to us, stayed to rot away from damp, until it fell to my unhappy lot to discover their destruction.

And they were to have gone ultimately to the Library of Congress in Washington! The pity of it! Something remains, but the losses are irreparable. Mrs. Pennell has the sympathy and commiseration of all good bookmen, but that is as futile as monetary damages.

Any critical note a reviewer might make on the text of the new edition has been anticipated admirably by the author herself—"It seems to date," she says, "to belong essentially to the 'nineties. That was a pleasant period for anything to belong to. And so I have left it untouched, taken nothing from the store of memories and associations with which for me its every page is crowded." Better so; for these things will be to many the cream of the correspondence.



RIVALLING CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN POPULARITY: FELIX THE CAT, THE RENOWNED FILM COMEDIAN, AS PORTRAYED BY HIS INVENTOR, MR. PAT SULLIVAN, IN THE "SKETCH."

As mentioned in our last issue, the "Sketch" began on August 1 a series of drawings by Mr. Pat Sullivan representing the adventures of his inimitable creation for the films—Felix the Cat. We reproduce above four out of the twelve drawings that comprise the second Adventure (from the current "Sketch," for August 8). It shows how Felix, with the aid of a grateful mouse, restored a runaway elephant to its anxious owner, a circus proprietor, and how the promised £5 reward became a "white elephant" through being paid in German marks.—[Drawn by Pat Sullivan. Copyright.]

WOMAN" (The Bodley Head; 6s.), were contributed originally to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the middle 'nineties, by Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell. In its first (1896) edition, the book was called "The Feasts of Autolycus," because these papers appeared week by week in "The Wares of Autolycus." That column, for which Mrs. Meynell wrote many wonderful essays, is still remembered as one of the choicest features of the *P.M.G.* during its most brilliant days. "Perhaps," says Mrs. Pennell, "because he was an amateur in editing, Cust helped his contributors to turn journalism into play. He made a family party of his staff, whom he liked to see gay and to keep amused. . . . He had a personal pride and share in all we did, and I retain a joyous memory of the dinner to which we came when my weekly article, one of unusual flamboyancy, served as menu for the *Pall Mall* man whose guests we were."

"Cust," Mrs. Pennell continues, "deserves a wider editorial fame than is his, and a more generous tribute than he has yet received." Agreed; but I seem to remember, in a small and rather obscure history of the Press, a note upon the Cust régime which was founded upon deep appreciation. The writer, however, wishing to show how such brilliancy must be limited in its appeal to the public, perhaps gives the impression of dissembling his love. Re-reading the passage after many years, I see that it

AMERICA'S LOSS: THE LATE U.S. PRESIDENT; AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO. AND TOPICAL.



THE VICE-PRESIDENT WHO SUCCEEDED TO THE PRESIDENCY ON MR. HARDING'S DEATH: MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE; WITH HIS WIFE.



THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: THE LATE MR WARREN G. HARDING; WITH HIS WIFE.



THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND HIS SUCCESSOR: MR. WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING (ON THE LEFT) AND MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE, WHO, AS VICE-PRESIDENT, AUTOMATICALLY BECAME PRESIDENT ON MR. HARDING'S DEATH.

Everyone in this country heard with deep regret of the death of President Harding, which occurred very suddenly on August 2 in a hotel at San Francisco, in the presence of his wife, with whom universal sympathy is felt. The news was all the more saddening from the fact that Mr. Harding seemed to have overcome his previous illness, and his doctors had anticipated a full recovery. Warren Gamaliel Harding was born in 1865, of Scottish parentage, at Corsica, in Morrow County, Ohio. As a boy he worked on a farm, but later studied at the Ohio Central College and became a journalist and proprietor of the Marion "Star." In 1891 he married Miss Florence Kling, of Marion. She persuaded him to enter politics

when he was 35. He was elected to the State Senate in 1900, and was Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio from 1904 to 1906. In 1915 he became a Member of the U.S. Senate, and in 1920 he was elected to the Presidency as a Republican. Mr. Calvin Coolidge, who, like Mr. Harding, began life as a farm boy, was born at Plymouth, Vermont, in 1872. He studied law, became a noted solicitor, and was Governor of Massachusetts in 1919-20. As Vice-President of the United States he was *ex officio* President of the Senate, and on Mr. Harding's death succeeded automatically to the Presidency for the remainder of the term. He married in 1905, and has two daughters. His wife is very popular in Washington.



SET A THIEF—

By RALPH DURAND, Author of "*The Mind Healers*," "*John Temple*," and "*Spacious Days*."

In this story Mayo, the ex-convict amateur detective, has no mercy on the criminal. Sir Charles Mallard is a diamond merchant and a philanthropist. Muggins, a ticket-of-leave man, is his man-servant. Sir Charles's house is burgled and his diamonds stolen. Knowing that suspicion must fall on Muggins, and declaring his wish to avert it, Sir Charles consents to Mayo joining with Scotland Yard in investigating the case. Mayo finds that everyone else concerned has been told about Muggins's past life. Everything points to Muggins having stolen the diamonds. The house is searched for them. Mayo suggests that it is best first to look in the most unlikely places, and this idea leads to the pursuance of a new line of enquiry, which produces the most unexpected and startling results. It would spoil the reader's pleasure to reveal what those results are. It is sufficient to say that the end provides a thoroughly satisfactory thrill.

THAT Mr. Albert Mayo—the newspapers call him the Reverend Albert Mayo, but he disclaims the title—once served a term of penal servitude was the appropriate result of a highly successful career of crime. That he became a fashionable revivalist preacher was due to an honest desire on his part to make amends for the past. That he leapt suddenly into fame as an exceptionally clever amateur detective was due in the first place to Mr. George Muggins.

He was at work one morning, preparing one of those sermons that make repentant thieves and members of the class on whom they once preyed jostle each other on Sunday afternoons for room in the Eglinton Street Mission Hall, when his landlady announced that a party of the name of Muggins wished to speak to him.

"Muggins! Well, I'm blessed! Come in, George!" Mr. Mayo dragged his visitor into the room and shut the door in the landlady's face. "When did you get out of chokey? Gettin' on all right? You're lookin' quite the toff." He took the man by the shoulders and held him at arm's length. When last he had seen him, Muggins had been wearing the conspicuous uniform of his Majesty's lodgers at Dartmoor. Now, in a neat suit of black, he looked as respectable as a sidesman. "Ow, did you twig where to find me?"

"I heard you preach last Sunday, and got your address from the pew-opener." Muggins spoke in the careful tones of one who revises and purges his speech before he utters it. "You expressed a desire that any sinner who needed help should visit you." Then his feeling overpowered his manners. "Look 'ere, Bert. Can you come round to our place? Some bloke 'as cracked our crib."

"Oo's crib?"

"Sir Charles Mallard's. I'm 'is butler-valet. 'Ad the job as soon as I got my ticket-of-leave."

"E didn't send for me, did 'e?"

"No. Came on my own. 'E discovered the burglary this morning. It's the sparklers out of 'is safe in the library. Diamond merchant 'e is, you know. Terrible upset 'e was. First 'e said 'e'd sack me, as was only natural. Then 'e told me to jump into the first cab as came 'andy and go straight to the company as the diamonds was insured with, an' then on to Scotland Yard. After I'd been there I remembered that if there's any man as knows more about crib-cracking than what Scotland Yard does, it's you. So I came on 'ere."

"Why didn't your governor telephone to Scotland Yard? It would have been cheaper—and quicker."

"Too flummoxed, I suppose. 'E pulled out 'is note-case—nine quid there was in it—an' says, 'Don't spare cab fares,' he says. That'll show you 'ow flustered 'e was. Can you come straight away?"

"Not till I've 'eard more about the business. What sort of boss is 'e?"

"A white man! One of the best! 'E went to the Prisoners' Welfare Society two months ago an' said 'e 'ad a notion to employ an old lag an' see if 'e couldn't make a man of 'im. I'd just got my ticket, an' the Society, knownin' as 'ow I'd been in service before I went on the cross, sent me to 'im. 'E took me on, gave me money to buy proper clothes, an' 'anded me the key of the plate-chest. 'There,' he says. 'I trust you,' 'e says. That's the sort of white man 'e is. I'd do anything for 'im—short o' murder."

II. THE MALLARD DIAMOND CASE.

According to Mr. Mayo's experience, there are many grades of philanthropists. At the top are those (to whom knighthoods are rarely given) who go down into the gutter to give outcasts a helping hand. At the bottom are those whose charity appears only in fashionable subscription lists, and whose donations ought to be charged to their advertisement accounts. He knew Sir Charles Mallard by repute, and had not given him credit for any but the easiest and most ostentatious forms of philanthropy.

"So 'e's that sort, is 'e? I got to learn not to judge a man in too great a 'urry. An' you've kept straight, George?"

"Straight as a die—except—"

Muggins faltered, hung his head, and fidgeted with his hat.

"Yes. Go on, George," said the preacher gently. It was curious that whenever he spoke as a preacher, or whenever he was much in earnest, he spoke with the accent of an educated man. "Except when?"

"Night before last I got tiddley."

"How did that happen? Did you meet old friends and drink too much before you realised it?"

"Oh, no! I've done with the old lot. I keep myself to myself nowadays, an' take my drop at 'ome like a gentleman. You see, Sir Charles isn't one of these Holy Joes who think a man should always be at a prayer-meetin'. 'E likes a glass 'issel, and likes others to enjoy themselves. Every night for 'is dinner I've to open a new bottle of claret. 'E never drinks more than 'alf of it, and 'e always tells me to finish what's left. Claret soon turns sour, you know, once it's uncorked. This is 'ow it was. The night before last 'e came 'ome in a 'urry, and said 'e was goin' to Brighton for a couple of nights, an' that 'e would wait on 'issel while I packed a suit-case for 'im. After 'e'd gone an' I'd cleared away I sat down to finish the wine. 'E'd left nearly the 'ole bottle—bein' in a 'urry, I suppose—an' it must 'ave been extra strong, for that's all I remember till next morning. Fair blind-oh, I got! Dead to the world!"

"And was that when the burglary happened?"

"I suppose so. But I didn't go near the library till Sir Charles 'issel went there this morning an' found the crib cracked. By rights I ought to 'ave gone in yesterday morning, to dust an' the like of that, but, 'aving such a 'ead on me an' knowing that 'e wasn't coming back yesterday, I gave it a miss—never went near the place. The boss came 'ome about a couple of hours ago, went straight to the library—an' found the safe open an' the diamonds gone."

"Who else was in the house, beside yourself, the night you got drunk?"

"Nobody. The cook-ousekeeper an' the general come in by the day. When Sir Charles took me on 'e said it wasn't right to ask women to sleep in the same 'ouse with anyone who 'ad been a convict—said they wouldn't look at it like what 'e did—so 'e arranged for 'em to sleep out. But 'e never told them why."

"And that's the sort of man whose trust you betrayed, George? I'll have you on the penitent form for that when I have time. Now come along and we'll see what's to be done."

Sir Charles Mallard looked distinctly annoyed when Muggins ushered Mayo into the library, where he, a representative of the Universal Insurance Company, and a detective were bending over an open safe.

"Who's this?" he demanded.

"Mr. Mayo, Sir. I took the liberty of asking him to step round. They used to say of him that he knew more about burglary than all Scotland Yard put together. He used to be a burglar himself, an' I thought—being naturally anxious to get back the diamonds—you would—"

"And you think this is a suitable moment to fetch your disreputable friends—"

"But Mr. Mayo has found grace, as it were, Sir. An', seeing that he's now a preacher, I thought—"

"Let me explain myself, Sir Charles," said the ex-convict. "Muggins came to me and told me of your loss. It is not usual, I know, for a private individual to interfere in a case of this sort, but for a certain reason I felt justified in offering my services. I know a good deal about burglary."

"That's a fact," said the detective.

"Circumstances that you and I know of, Sir Charles, may fix suspicion on Muggins—"

"You mean the fact that Muggins is an ex-convict," interrupted the representative of the insurance company.

Mayo turned to him.

"You know, then, that he is a ticket-of-leave man?" he demanded abruptly.

"Sir Charles told me as soon as I arrived."

"It is only because suspicion will inevitably fall on Muggins," said Mayo, turning again to the diamond merchant, "and because I believe and hope that that suspicion would be unjust, that I ask you to let me interest myself in the case. I honestly believe that I am as likely to find the diamonds as Detective Simmons himself."

"And I don't mind owning up that he's right," said the detective. "I am a trained man, trained to know clues when I see them and to follow them up. But Mayo, here, is a genius. Every burglary he ever did was done on entirely new lines. He had us at the Yard beaten time after time. This burglary is on new lines that puzzle me, and frankly, if he'll help me without taking all the credit to himself, I shall be glad."

"But I can't let all the reformed criminals in London come barging into my house just because it has been burgled. I won't detain you, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is. Show him out, Muggins."

"One moment," interrupted the representative of the insurance company. "This is more my affair than yours, Sir Charles, since my company will have to make good your loss if the diamonds aren't found. You did not hesitate to take an ex-convict into your house—a thing my company would never have sanctioned if it had been aware of it... So I do not see that you can object to an ex-convict whom Mr. Simmons approves helping him find the diamonds."

"Have it your own way then, Mr. Davey," said Sir Charles testily. "A habit of sitting on committees—and of sitting on them very heavily sometimes—had made him inclined to resent dictation from others. "I suppose I can't call my house my own this morning. You can go back to your pantry, Muggins. I promise you that you shan't be unjustly suspected."

"I'd like you to cast your eye over the safe for a start, Mayo," said the detective.

To the inexperienced eye there seemed very little wrong with the safe. The lock and the paint in its neighbourhood were discoloured, and if one looked carefully one saw that the door bulged outwards slightly. Mayo put his nose to the keyhole and sniffed.

"Ammonal! The safest explosive there is!" he remarked. "Cautious bird—the bloke that cracked this crib. And 'e didn't use a dram more than was necessary. It's a wonder to me 'e got it open with so little."

"And now look in the mortice," said the detective. "What can you see?"

"What gets me is what I don't see," said Mayo, after a prolonged examination of the mortice through a magnifying-glass that he took from the study table. "I can't find so much as a scratch in it."

"I suppose, Sir Charles, that you're sure the safe was locked when you went to Brighton?" asked the detective.

"Of course! Absolutely! As a matter of habit I never leave this room without pulling the handle of the safe door to make sure that it is locked, and I always come into the library for the same reason just before leaving the house."

"It'd be a good joke for a burglar to go to all the trouble of blowing up a safe when 'e could open it just by pulling the 'andle,'" said Mr. Mayo, rising to his feet.

"You seem to be both agreed that the safe was blown open," said Mr. Davey. "How was it that the noise wasn't heard outside?"

"Well, you see, very little explosive was used," said the detective. "And, with the window shuttered and heavily curtained, the noise to anyone outside would sound like nothing more than a motor-cycle back-firing round the corner. Of course, it would sound much louder to anyone in the house."

"And you say, Sir Charles, that there has been no one in the house at night while you've been away except Muggins?"

"No one except Muggins."

"Muggins will have some difficulty in explaining why he didn't hear it," continued the detective.

"He tells me that he was dead drunk the night before last," said Mayo.

"I daresay!" said Mr. Davey incredulously. "He'll be lucky if he can prove it."

"But what you want to think of is—where are the diamonds?" said Mayo. "Now I'll tell you where I'd 'ave put 'em if it 'ad been me. In the most unlikely place I could think of. In fact, I'd 'ave put 'em somewhere in this 'ouse itself. An' I'll tell you why. So long as they stayed 'id in this 'ouse the police wouldn't stand much chance of proving that I'd stolen 'em, 'owever much they suspected me. An' no one would think of searchin' the 'ouse for 'em. After a while, when everyone 'ad got dis'eartened like, I'd come back an' take 'em. It'd be just as easy to get in again as it was the first time. People don't fix up new locks an' burglar alarms after a place 'as been burgled. No; they lose their trust in such things. They send the rest of their valuables to the bank an' take the plate-basket up to bed with 'em. So what I say is, search the 'ouse first an' look in the most unlikely places you can think of."

"Right!" said Sir Charles heartily. "Mr. Mayo, I apologise. I believe you'll be a great help to us. We'll start at the top of the house and search every room systematically. Since you suspect poor Muggins, Mr. Davey, we'll begin with his room. Do you agree, Mr. Simmons?"

"It's worth trying."

There are men—born leaders—who, as a matter of course, take the lead in any enterprise. Though technically the search was in the hands of the detective, and though Mr. Davey was the man most interested in its success, Sir Charles was the first to take off his coat. Muggins's chest of drawers was opened; its contents were emptied on to the bed in a heap and replaced one at a time after careful examination. No more interesting discovery was made than that—to judge by the illustrations on the covers of a large number of penny novelettes—Muggins was a keen student of life in the Far West. Then the bed was examined, blanket by blanket. The walls were tapped. Fire-irons were thrust up the chimney. The coal-scuttle was emptied into the fender.

"Nothing here," said Mr. Davey, at last.

"We haven't looked under the carpet yet," said the detective. "Let's get the bed out of the way."

While he and Mr. Davey moved the bed, Sir Charles stooped, rolled back the carpet—and shouted with surprise. Just under where the bed had stood a flooring board had been taken up and so carelessly replaced that it challenged the eye. The detective kicked it aside, groped in the cavity revealed, and drew out in turn a tin half full of greyish crystals that he declared without hesitation to be ammonal, an electric torch, two feet of time-fuse, and a small, blunt-nosed crowbar.

"What d'you make of this little lot, Mayo?" asked the detective.

"Very much the same as you make of it, I expect."

"We haven't found the diamonds yet, but we haven't far to look for the burglar," said Mr. Davey.

"This will be a lesson to me never again to try and reform criminals," said Sir Charles. Going to the head of the stairs he shouted for his servant. All waited in silence till Muggins, panting slightly from his run upstairs and with a face as blank as a brick wall, came into the room. Sir Charles pointed to the hole in the floor and the things displayed on a blanket.

"You've got to explain this," he said sternly.

Muggins's face became even more wooden than before. Then he choked.

"I don't know, Sir. I never put them there."

"You won't gain anything by lying. You can see they are burglar's tools, I suppose. Come now! Out with it! What have you done with the diamonds?"

The man's face turned the colour of dirty ash.

"I never—so help me, if my own mother was to ask me, I could only say the same thing! I never touched the diamonds."

He looked at the detective, at Mr. Davey, at Mayo, as if hoping desperately that someone would believe him. Then he looked at his employer. Suddenly his teeth clenched. His face set—immobile and expressionless as a mask.

"Who comes into this room besides yourself?" asked the detective.

Muggins took no notice of the question.

"Blow the gaff, George," said Mayo persuasively. "Your cully means to double-cross you."

A flicker of terror shone in the wretched man's eyes for a fraction of a second, then his face set as rigidly as before.

"If you have anything to say to Muggins, Mr. Mayo," said Sir Charles sharply, "I wish you would say it in a language we can all understand—not in thieves' patter."

"I have no more to say to him," said Mayo. "Mr. Simmons understands what I said. I advised him to confess what he knows, and he evidently won't."

"We'll take these things down to the library and put our heads together," said the detective. "You stay here, Muggins, until you're called for. You can be putting your room to rights."

"Is it safe to leave him?" objected Mr. Davey, when they reached the library. "Couldn't he escape through the roof or somewhere?"

"He would have escaped before now if he had meant to," said Simmons, laying the various implements on the table. "He's had the whole morning to do it in. He's going to stand the racket and take his chance of getting clear. He knows that he'd only give himself away altogether if he bolted now."

"I'll tell you something," said Mayo. "Muggins didn't burgle the safe, but he knows who did, and he won't tell. You saw his face when he refused to answer your question, Mr. Simmons. I've seen that look before. While I was still at Dartmoor some convicts escaped. Muggins knew how they got away. The Governor of the prison had him up and cross-examined him, but he held his tongue then just as he held it just now—though he could have earned a big remission of sentence by telling. I've known Muggins, both in prison and out, and I can tell you this for a certainty. He never did, and never will, go back on a pal. You'll get nothing out of him."

"You seem to jump to conclusions a good deal," objected Mr. Davey. "How do you know that Muggins didn't burgle the safe?"

"Because there are skilled and unskilled branches of a burglar's trade, and Muggins never had brain enough to be anything more than an accomplice. His first conviction was for opening his master's door to let in burglars, when he was in service. His second was for keeping guard while a skilled burglar—it was I, as it happens—did the work. I escaped, but he was caught. The man that blew up your safe, Sir Charles, understood explosives. Possibly read up the subject in text-books that Muggins would understand Greek."

"Then what did he want those things in his room for?"

"That's what's puzzling me," said the detective. "I can't think what he wanted them for—unless it was private theatricals. Look at them. There's a handful of ammonal—an explosive that you can't explode without a detonator." Simmons threw half a handful into the fire, where it burnt with a slow, feeble fizz. "Why didn't he burn it or tip it out of the window instead of leaving it for us to find? And the fuse. He could have got rid of it in a dozen different ways—all easy. Stuffed it down a sewer grating, or something. And what does he want with this electric torch in a house that's well fitted with electric light? And this bit of iron? I daresay you think it's a burglar's jemmy. It isn't. It's a common tool used for opening packing-cases that you can buy in any ironmonger's. It's no more use for forcing a safe than a soup-ladle would be."

"The man who put those things under Muggins's floor meant them to be found," said Mayo. "The man that blew up the safe so neatly that you can hardly see the damage could have taken up the flooring board and relaid it so that no one would notice it had been touched—if he had wanted to. Why did he waste time—enough to give him two miles' start—laying the explosive and the fuse he had used under Muggins's boards? Because he knew that Muggins, the ex-convict, would be suspected of the burglary, and he wanted to add a touch of circumstantial evidence. Why did he put a crowbar and an electric torch there, too? To give an artistic touch to the evidence—and that's just where he was a bit too clever. By adding things that he didn't use in the burglary, he gave the whole show away. What was Muggins about to let him do it? You said, Mr. Davey, that Muggins would be lucky if he could prove that he was dead drunk the night before last. I don't think you need any further proof."

"You seem to be very anxious to shield your old friend," sneered Sir Charles.

"Do I?" retorted Mayo hotly. "I'll tell you one thing—I'm not going to shield the thief." He rose from his seat and paced the room in short, quick steps, waving his arms and speaking in the stern, thunderous tones in which he denounced sin from the Eglinton Street pulpit. "The thief is utterly contemptible. To shield himself he has carefully and deliberately planned to throw the blame on a poor fellow, a man who has never had much chance since he first went wrong, and is now trying to right himself, a man who though innocent is prepared to shoulder the blame because he believes that the thief is a man who has been kind to him. Ay, I'll do my utmost to shield poor Muggins—but as for the thief—hanging is too good for him."

"Your deductions are rather too subtle for me," said Sir Charles, walking to the mantelpiece and lighting a cigar. "I must admit that I can't follow them. On the evidence it certainly seemed to me that Muggins is the thief. But as I take an interest in the man and have tried in my poor way to reform him, no one will be better pleased than myself if you can clear him." He looked at his watch. By Jove! It's getting late. I've got to go back to Brighton to fetch some important papers that I left there. Would you mind, Mr. Davey, if I hurried off? I don't see that I can help you in any way. You have the run of the house, of course, and Mr. Mayo seems to be in a fair way to lay us all on the track of the thief. I'll get back as early as possible. I wouldn't go at all, but that I really must get these papers."

"I don't see that we need detain you," said Mr. Davey. "I shall, of course, stay as long as there seems any point in staying, but the matter is more in Mr. Simmons's hands than mine."

"I don't think we need keep you, Sir Charles," said the detective. "You'll be back this evening?"

"By eight, at latest. I'll tell my housekeeper to give you any meals you require. If any question crops up that I can answer, ring me up at the Hotel Splendid—Brighton 5502 is the number. I shall be there from half-past two till half-past six. Now I'll just take a book to read in the train, and be off."

Sir Charles ran his finger along his book-shelves and selected the fourth volume of a luxuriously bound edition of Gibbon's History of the Roman Empire.

"Just one moment, Sir Charles," said Mayo. "There are one or two questions that I'd like to ask before you go. You'll have plenty of time, as the Brighton express doesn't leave Victoria for an hour."

When was it that you took Muggins into your service?"

"Two months ago."

"Didn't the value of diamonds go down with a run just then?"

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded Sir Charles sharply. Then he added in a suaver tone, "Diamonds have been gradually losing their value for a long while."

The representative of the insurance company sat up in his chair and looked from one man to another with the puzzled expression of a man who is trying to concentrate his mind on an elusive idea.

"What's the point of your question?" challenged Sir Charles.

"I wanted light on an idea that has occurred to me. If the value of your diamonds had fallen below the amount at which they were insured, Muggins, supposing him for a moment to be the burglar, would be doing you a good turn by robbing you, would he not?"

"I suppose he would." Sir Charles suddenly discovered that his cigar had gone out. He took a match from the match-stick on the mantelpiece and struck it so awkwardly that it snapped without igniting. "The point hadn't occurred to me."

"One other question," continued Mayo. "What time did you reach Brighton the night before last?"

Sir Charles threw his cigar into the fire.

"I don't know—I motored down."

"I'll just ring up and ask, and after that I won't detain you any more," said Mayo, picking up the receiver. "Hullo, Exchange! Trunk call, please, Brighton double-five-o-two. That's it, thanks."

He replaced the receiver and turned to the diamond merchant.

"While I'm waiting to get through, Sir Charles, I expect you'd like to hear as much as I have discovered so far about the thief. He was a man who knew your movements—or he was exceptionally lucky in hitting off a night on which you were away at Brighton. He was a man who knew Muggins's record, or he would not have taken such care to try and fix the blame on the poor fellow. He was a man who even knew where Muggins slept. He also knew that no one but Muggins slept in the house, or among the many different ways of forcing the lock of a safe he would not have used anything so noisy as an explosive."

Mayo spoke very slowly and deliberately, as a man anxious to make every point clear.

"The burglar was an amateur," he continued. "A professional would have known the difference between a jemmy and an ordinary packer's crowbar, and would not have been such a fool as to put the wrong tool under Muggins's floor, and set old hands like Mr. Simmons and myself wondering what it was put there for. Then again, the burglar, being an amateur, was not at all sure that he would succeed in getting the safe open with a charge of ammonal. So, to be quite on the safe side, he—opened the safe before he blew up the lock. That is why there is no sign of damage on the mortice. The man that blew up your safe, Sir Charles, had access to your keys."

The representative of the insurance company, all alert, fixed his eyes on Mayo's face. The detective watched Sir Charles. Sir Charles stood motionless except for a quick nervous closing and unclosing of the fingers of his right hand.

"I know something else that you, Mr. Simmons, and you, Mr. Davey, don't know yet. The man that blew up the safe was in the habit of giving Muggins part of a bottle of claret every evening. On the night before last he gave him nearly a full bottle—and it was drugged. Lastly, in planning to throw the blame on Muggins he counted on his taking flight and bolting as soon as the burglary was discovered. He gave him an opportunity to bolt before you, Mr. Davey, and you, Mr. Simmons, knew anything about it, and he put nine pounds into his hands to help him escape. That's where the whole game was spoiled, for, instead of bolting, Muggins fetched you two gentlemen—and me."

The telephone bell rang. Mayo picked up the receiver and handed the second ear-piece to the detective.

"Is that the Hotel Splendid?" he asked. "I'm speaking on behalf of Sir Charles Mallard. The police accuse him of driving his car through Brighton late at night without his red light. He wants to be able to prove that they've mistaken the car. What time did Sir Charles reach your hotel the night before last? What!—Not there at all!—Are you sure?—Hasn't stayed with you for weeks?—Then I must have misunderstood him. Sorry to have troubled you."

He replaced the receiver.

"Where did you spend the night before last, Sir Charles?"

"What on earth do you mean? Why, this is too infernally funny!" Sir Charles laughed uneasily. "It almost looks as if you think I took my own diamonds."

"It does—doesn't it?"

"I suppose you realise, Sir—I suppose you realise"—the diamond merchant controlled himself with a visible effort—"that by making such a ridiculous accusation in the presence of witnesses you are laying yourself open to a serious action for slander?" Suddenly his voice cracked, like a hysterical girl's.

"If I've got the diamonds, where are they?"

"As I said before, they'll be in the most unlikely place one can think of." Mr. Mayo suddenly reached across the table and took from under Sir Charles's arm the book that he had taken from his shelves. "A volume of Gibbon is an unlikely sort of book to read in the train, especially when it is one of a handsomely bound set." He opened the volume. "And this particular volume is not one that one can read."

He laid the volume open on the table. A hollow had been cut in the centre of the pages, and in this hollow lay a chamois-leather bag. The detective took the bag from its hiding-place, turned it upside down, and spilled its contents on the table.

THE R.A.F. v. THE NAVY: BOMBING TRIALS ON A BATTLE-CRUISER STEERED BY WIRELESS FROM A DESTROYER.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



SHOULD THE NAVY HAVE ITS OWN AIR SERVICE? AN APPROPRIATE OCCASION—H.M.S. "AGAMEMNON" (LEFT) WIRELESS-CONTROLLED BY THE DESTROYER "TRUANT" (RIGHT) AS A PRACTICE TARGET FOR R.A.F. BOMBING MACHINES.

The Government recently decided that Naval aircraft should not form a separate service under the Admiralty, as suggested, but remain, with certain modifications, a branch of the Royal Air Force. It had been cogently urged by the Admiralty and its supporters, including the Navy League, that the Navy should be solely responsible for the aircraft which form the "eyes of the Fleet," and should have unfeigned control of their organisation and training. An event bearing closely on this question is here illustrated; that is, the recent bombing and wireless trials, carried out, for the third successive year, in the Channel off the eastern end of the Isle of Wight. Our artist, Mr. C. E. Turner, describing what he saw, says: "A duel between R.A.F. aeroplanes and a target battle-cruiser (H.M.S. 'Agamemnon') took place on August 1. The huge battle-cruiser was manoeuvred from H.M. Destroyer 'Truant' by wireless control, and it was intensely interesting to watch the great ship respond to the will of the distant director, at times zig-zagging like a pugilist to avoid the rain of descending bombs dropped from the attacking aeroplanes."

R.H.9.A machines attacked at altitudes of 14,000 and 8000 ft., and light practice bombs were used. War conditions were, however, reproduced as closely as possible. A big sea was running, and clouds interfered considerably with the accuracy of the aerial attack. 'Truant' is shown on the right of the drawing, and 'Agamemnon,' twisting and turning to escape the falling 'peril,' on the left. Numerals on her side register target practice." There was difficulty in "spotting" the bombs, whose puffs of white smoke on impact could hardly be detected from above through the rough breaking waves, so that faults of aim could not be corrected. On board the "Agamemnon" observers were stationed in protected posts. It was officially reported that one direct hit was obtained, while 8 bombs dropped within 15 ft. of the "Agamemnon," and 9 within 50 ft. Wireless direction apparatus is seen in the bows of the destroyer, and receiving apparatus on the fore deck of the battle-cruiser. On our front page we illustrate the trials from the point of view of the aeroplanes.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.)

A SUMMER "SEASIDE" VISITOR TO BE AVOIDED: THE LESSER OCTOPUS—A FIGHT WITH A LOBSTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. FRANCIS WARD, F.Z.S.

(SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 270).



1. FACING TOWARDS RIGHT (NOT LEFT, AS IT APPEARS): ELEDONE, OR THE LESSER OCTOPUS.



2. CONVERTING ELEDONE INTO A "PARACHUTE": THE SEMI-TRANSPARENT MEMBRANOUS WEB BETWEEN THE ARMS.



3. "LARGER STONES PUSHED ASIDE AND SMALLER ONES DEPOSITED OUTSIDE": ELEDONE'S "DUG-OUT."



4. SHOWING THE WHITE UNDER-SURFACES OF THE ARMS: ELEDONE'S STARTING TO SWIM.



5. SWIMMING BACKWARDS (TO LEFT) BY EJECTING WATER FROM ITS FUNNEL.



6. ARMS CURLED UP AND ONE LEG USED AS A PROPELLER: CREEPING TOWARDS PREY.



7. FINISH OF A SWIM: ELEDONE COMING TO GROUND.



8. PREPARING TO LAND AFTER A SWIM: A STAGE BEFORE NO. 7.



9. SHOWING THE OPENING INTO THE MANTLE CAVITY: ELEDONE "OUT OF BREATH"—FORCED RESPIRATION.



10. FORCED "BREATHING" WITH THE FUNNEL CLOSED: PART OF THE PROCESS OF SUCKING IN A CURRENT OF WATER.



11. WITH FUNNEL PROTRUDED AND OPENED: THE NEXT STAGE IN THE PROCESS OF FORCED "RESPIRATION."



12. TIPTOEING AFTER A SWIM: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE EXACT POSITION OF THE FUNNEL.



13. OCTOPUS v. LOBSTER: ELEDONE IN BATTLE—THE FIRST PHASE OF THE DUEL.



14. "THE ARMS SEEMED TO APPROACH THE PREY FROM ALL DIRECTIONS": A LATER PHASE OF THE CONFLICT.



15. "ELEDONE EJECTED A DENSE CLOUD OF INK": THE LOBSTER TURNED OVER AND LAY ON HIS BACK WITH LEGS UPWARD.

These remarkably interesting photographs of the Lesser Octopus (*Eledone cirrosa*), taken by Dr. Francis Ward, F.Z.S., illustrate his article on page 270, where he describes the creature and its habits in detail, and explains the special points which the various illustrations bring out. As Dr. Ward says: "Eledone, which is a near relative of the common octopus, is the only representative of the genus in home waters. During winter," he writes, "Eledone keeps to the warmer waters of the deep channels, but in spring it migrates gradually shorewards. For the period May to October it is abundant at an average depth of eight fathoms in the

waters which it frequents." Occasionally a small octopus is to be found in a shore pool, and there was a case reported a year or two ago of a lady being seized by the leg by one on the French coast, and with some difficulty released by a friend armed with a stick. Such occurrences, however, are fortunately rare, but the incident shows that eledone may fairly be numbered among the summer migrants to the "seaside" whom it is well to avoid. The pronunciation of the creature's scientific name is given by Dr. Ward as "Eledōnē," the signs marking the quantity of the syllables. The word would thus be pronounced as "e-leedōnē."

“Poison-Gas” in Nature: The Lesser Octopus.

By Dr. FRANCIS WARD, F.Z.S.

ELEDONE CIRROSA, the only representative of the genus in home waters, is popularly known as the “lesser octopus.” It is a very near relative of the common octopus (*O. vulgaris*), but is distinguishable from this cephalopod by its smaller proportions and the presence of only a single row of suckers on each of the arms.

During winter, eledone keeps to the warmer waters of the deep channels, but in spring it migrates gradually shorewards. For the period May to October, it is abundant at an average depth of eight fathoms in the waters which it frequents.

The appearance of this cephalopod, in numbers, is soon detected by the fisherman. Specimens are usually brought up in his trawl. Apparently, eledone is gregarious, for none will be obtained for a time; then six or seven will come up in one haul over the same grounds. Occasionally these cephalopods are caught in crab and lobster pots.

The females greatly outnumber the males, in the proportion of fifty to one. This may be a true indication of the numbers in which they exist, but it is more likely that the males remain in deep water, while the females come inshore to spawn.

Before referring to some of the habits of eledone—and here I would mention that the name of this

webs are well illustrated in photograph No. 2. They are not used in swimming (then the arms are approximated and trail behind), but the webs convert eledone into a parachute as he descends to the bottom.

The arms of eledone are often injured, not infrequently in battle with their own species; but, as happens with other cephalopods in similar case, these limbs are in time regenerated. After a fight a recently injured arm is curled up spirally towards the mouth for protection.

The dome, or *visceral dome*, to give it its full title, consists of a strong muscular covering round the mantle cavity which contains the principal organs. The mantle is attached all round the head, but there is a free opening on either side into the cavity. This opening is well shown in photograph No. 9.

One further point in reference to the co-operative action of mantle and funnel, and then the habits of this cephalopod can be dealt with. When eledone is out of breath and the respiration is forced, the mantle cavity is expanded like the chest of a man taking a deep breath, and the side flaps of the mantle open while the funnel is locked. Then the dome collapses and the flaps close, while the funnel is protruded and opened. In this way a current of water is sucked

ments the colour changes to an extraordinary degree. The colour is due to cells which lie in the skin. Normally, large patches of reddish-buff are seen on a cream background. When excited, the animal's skin becomes a deep dark terra-cotta. If frightened, an intense ghostly pallor passes right over the animal, and it tries to escape by suddenly swimming away; Very often, at this juncture, it ejects a cloud of ink. Then rapidly the pallor passes off, and the cephalopod is again a deep terra-cotta red. After he has been at rest a time the deep coloration disappears, and the mottled red and cream appearance is again present. That is to say, the coloration as described is present except on the under-surface of the web, the suckers, and the arms round the mouth. The delicate green metallic tinge is due to iridocysts below the layer of colour cells.

Eledone apparently only swims when he wishes to escape from danger; at other times he creeps along the bottom. As a rule, the advance is quite slow; the body is raised, and the arms are used as legs. These are extended in a manner suggesting meditated stealth; then the arms are curled up and the middle used as a leg, as illustrated in photograph No. 6. At times the advance is quite rapid if the cephalopod is in pursuit of food. On occasion the



A BIG RELATIVE OF THE LESSER OCTOPUS (*ELEDONE CIRROSA*) DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE AND ILLUSTRATED ON PRECEDING PAGES: THE GIANT OCTOPUS (*POLYPUS PUNCTATUS*) FROM CALIFORNIA—A LIFE-SIZE MODEL IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

Photograph Taken Specially for "The Illustrated London News," by Courtesy of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

cephalopod is pronounced *ɛlədənə*—it would be well to consider the general external features, so that a description of the movements may be more readily followed.

To the uninitiated the first illustration (on page 268) would suggest that the cephalopod is looking to the left, but this is not so—the animal is facing right. The head is the solid portion between the arms and bag-like structure known as the *visceral dome*. Only the posterior part of the head with its prominent eyes is visible, for the front of the head and the mouth are enclosed by the arms.

The funnel, to which frequent reference will be made, is on one side below the head. To appreciate the exact position of the funnel look at illustration No. 12, where the eledone is tiptoeing after a swim. In front of the head are eight arms; these are long, tapering cones, compressed laterally, and all joined at their bases to form a crown round the mouth mass.

The arms are about twice as long as the head and dome combined, and each carries some eighty suckers which are separated by definite intervals. Though arranged in a single row, when in use the sucker-bearing surface alters its shape so that the suckers are attached in an irregular manner. This is done in order to secure a more effective grip than otherwise would be possible.

The cephalopod itself is very powerful, a fact illustrated in photograph No. 3, showing large stones which the animal has pushed aside with the greatest ease, in order to dig itself in.

Between each of the arms is present a triangular semi-transparent web, which extends for about one-fifth of the arms' length, and then is continued down each side as lateral wings. These membranous

in through the mantle flaps, passes over the gills, and is forced out through the funnel. The double process is illustrated in photographs Nos. 9, 10, and 11.

Eledone usually rests with its dome on the ground and the arms extended in front at an acute angle, under some shelving rock or in a dark corner. At other times the arms are folded round so that a cushion is made upon which the dome lies.

Not infrequently the animal digs himself in. This is done in a slow, deliberate manner. Photograph No. 3 shows where he has been at work. The larger stones have been pushed aside, and the smaller ones picked up two or three at a time by the suckers, and deposited outside the dug-out. While he is excavating, the débris is every now and then blown out of the hole by a stream of water from the funnel. Here the animal may lie motionless for hours, until suddenly an upheaval in the nature of a forced expiration occurs, and digested food matter is shot out—for excretary matter and water all come through this funnel.

If disturbed, eledone escapes by swimming away backwards. This is done by the animal ejecting powerful jets of water from the funnel opening, an action which drives it rapidly along with spasmodic movements, while the arms are trailed horizontally. The swim and the finish are illustrated by pictures from a cinematograph film (Nos. 5, 7, and 8).

First the animal leaves the ground (as shown in photograph No. 4) with the arms expanded; it will be seen that the under-surfaces are white. Next he is seen shooting through the water (No. 5), arriving, and finally settling down (Nos. 7 and 8).

This is an appropriate point at which to discuss the coloration of this cephalopod, for during these move-

ments the colour changes to an extraordinary degree. The colour is due to cells which lie in the skin. Normally, large patches of reddish-buff are seen on a cream background. When excited, the animal's skin becomes a deep dark terra-cotta. If frightened, an intense ghostly pallor passes right over the animal, and it tries to escape by suddenly swimming away; Very often, at this juncture, it ejects a cloud of ink. Then rapidly the pallor passes off, and the cephalopod is again a deep terra-cotta red. After he has been at rest a time the deep coloration disappears, and the mottled red and cream appearance is again present. That is to say, the coloration as described is present except on the under-surface of the web, the suckers, and the arms round the mouth. The delicate green metallic tinge is due to iridocysts below the layer of colour cells.

Eledone apparently only swims when he wishes to escape from danger; at other times he creeps along the bottom. As a rule, the advance is quite slow; the body is raised, and the arms are used as legs. These are extended in a manner suggesting meditated stealth; then the arms are curled up and the middle used as a leg, as illustrated in photograph No. 6. At times the advance is quite rapid if the cephalopod is in pursuit of food. On occasion the

last of the series is particularly interesting. When the ink was ejected the lobster had also jumped back and turned over. It will be seen that the ink has spread very little, and that the crustacean was but momentarily in this cloud, showing how lethal must be the effect of the ink. In the water the ink does not disperse, but breaks up into glutinous filmy masses and floats about.

It has been suggested that the octopus family use the ink as a cloud barrage; however that may be, there is no question about the lethal effect of the fluid.

A 7TH-CENTURY OUBLIETTE AS A MODERN CABARET: UNDERGROUND PARIS.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER R.O.I.



WITH A TRAP-DOOR AT THE ENTRANCE THAT DROPS A FEW INCHES AND PROVIDES THE THRILL OF BEING PRECIPITATED BELOW: AN OLD PARIS OUBLIETTE USED AS A CABARET BY QUARTIER LATIN STUDENTS.

Near the Cluny Museum in Paris is a seventh-century oublie, supposed to have formed part of an ancient underground passage that afforded a means of escape from a Gallo-Roman stronghold. In later times it lay beneath the fortress of the Petit Châtelet, and was used for the arrest of armed gentlemen, who were dropped into it from above through the hole in the roof seen at the top of the drawing over the lanterns. A trap-door in the floor, just inside the doorway, leading to a lower oublie, was devised to catch men-at-arms entering by force to rescue prisoners. On the walls are inscriptions carved by fifteenth-century captives, such as "Je serai pendu 1412. Je mourrai maudissant le roya." (I shall be hanged. 1412. I shall die cursing the king.) During the French Revolution the place

was used as a prison. Afterwards it became a secret meeting-place of Freemasons; then a haunt of Carbonari conspirators. In 1880, when it was put to still less reputable purposes, it was closed by the police. It has recently been reopened as a café and cabaret, much patronised by students of the Quartier Latin. The students, who are a merry crowd, supply their own entertainment, chiefly recitations. The entrance provides a thrilling sensation, as after leaving the bottom step one feels the flooring give way a few inches and realises the feelings of those who were formerly precipitated below. During recent excavations which were made on the site many Roman coins were found and part of a skull of extraordinary thickness.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING GROUSE.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

All things must change
To something new, to something strange;
Nothing that is can pause or stay.

THUS soliloquises the poet; and poets often do "hit the nail on the head," to slow music. It is so with grouse-shooting. In olden days, men shot over their moors with dogs, and they were content with quite a moderate bag. To-day, as in everything else, the spirit of "speeding-up" has introduced other ideals. Where once "the guns" walked to the birds, to-day the birds are driven to the guns. It may be that the time will come when grouse-driving, or even grouse-shooting, will be as much a

plumage, retained till the end of the breeding season. In the female, the plumage assumed at the autumn moult is worn till the turn of the year. By the end of April she has assumed what must be called her breeding-dress, which is shed at the autumn moult. This moult is very thorough, for then even the claws are shed.

The willow grouse differs from our bird in this matter of plumage-sequence, inasmuch as it has no less than three moults during the year: the third enabling it to assume a pure white livery worn during the winter months while the land is buried under the snow. But in this it agrees with our ptarmigan.

Since these changes, naturally, take some little time to complete, a certain method in the manner of the transition has been evolved. Thus, as may be seen from one of our photographs, the breast is the first, and the head and neck the last to change, in assuming the winter dress. The need for some such order is clear, for as yet there is no snow; hence the white areas make a rather conspicuous mark in the landscape; though this is largely, if not wholly, counteracted, when the bird is crouching,

by the dark coloration of the head and neck, which harmonises with the surrounding lichen and dying vegetation. By the time the snow falls, the head and neck will have almost completely shed these dark feathers, leaving the body uniformly white.

In these changes we seem to have—and I believe that indeed we have—a veritable case of "protective coloration." The dark plumages of spring and summer, variegated as they are with a mosaic of red, black, brown, yellow, and white, in varying

white in winter, is always regarded as correlated with the fact that for long months they live in a wilderness of snow, against which, but for their white mantles, they would prove a lure for every prowling carnivore, winged and otherwise. Our bird, the "Red Grouse," it would seem, does not turn white in winter, because the snow does not last long enough to need such a change.

This is the commonly accepted interpretation of these plumage changes. But there is, at any rate, one critic who ventures to question its soundness. He is the sportsman-naturalist, Mr. Abel Chapman, who has spent long years in the field, and whose



WITH HEAD AND NECK THE LAST TO LOSE THEIR DARKER COLOUR: THE WILLOW GROUSE, OR RYPER, CHANGING FROM SUMMER TO WINTER DRESS. The fact that the head and neck retain their darker colour until the snow falls affords protection to the bird when crouching to escape the eyes of prowling carnivores.

thing of the past as "hawking." But we trust that that day is far off.

For the present, anyhow, August 12 is still one of the greatest days of the year for those who covet a game license. Circumstances compel some of us who would fain be there to satisfy our half-envious yearnings with some "thoughts upon grouse." And, carefully followed up, they will prove very satisfying: for our grouse is a wonderful bird. In the first place, it is worth noting that it is a peculiarly British bird. It does not migrate, and its numbers are never replenished by immigrants from abroad. On this account it has acquired certain peculiarities in the matter of plumage which render it distinct from all other grouse. Its nearest relation is the circum-polar willow grouse, or ryper, which, in its summer dress, is practically identical with our bird, save that its flight-feathers are always white. But the willow grouse in winter is a very different bird, since it then assumes a dress of spotless white, like the ptarmigan. Most of the so-called ptarmigan, indeed, sold in our poulters' shops are willow grouse. And this is always evident, to those who know, from the fact that the male ptarmigan, at any rate, has a broad black stripe both in front of and behind the eye; in the female this stripe is either feebly developed or is wanting altogether. In the willow grouse it is never present.

In the matter of its coloration this bird displays an unusual range of variety. This much may be gathered from the fact that the males exhibit three distinct types—a red, a black, and a white-spotted—and there are intermediate gradations! The females are represented by no less than five types, adding a buff-spotted and a buff-barred plumage to those of the males' three. Into the details of these it were unwise to venture, since the space at my disposal is limited. But, apart from this matter of "coloration," we have to take into consideration the sequences of plumage which succeed one another in the course of the year. Here, again, no more than a mere allusion to the facts which have been collected can be made.

In the male, then, there is an "eclipse" plumage, assumed after the breeding season, and a winter



COMPLETELY WHITE BY THE TIME THE GROUND IS COVERED WITH SNOW: THE WILLOW GROUSE, OR RYPER, IN WINTER DRESS. This bird, unlike the Red Grouse, is chiefly found among birch and willow trees. It is fond of perching in trees, and prefers to roost in them.

opinions command the respect of us all. Mr. Chapman, insists that, whatever may be the cause of this winter-whitening in grouse, it is *not* the need for protection against enemies. And this because, as soon as ever the snow is sufficiently deep, every bird retreats into burrows beneath it!

In his delightful "Bird Life of the Borders," he writes of the Arctic weather which prevailed in January 1881: "One scans for miles that wide expanse of glistening snow, till the eyes ache . . . but not a single bird is there. The grouse, as a matter of fact, are all deep buried beneath the snow. This one presently discovers on coming across a perfect network of burrows—most nearly resembling a rabbit warren . . . a whole pack will be asleep in their burrows, secured, as they imagine, by the miles of snowfastnesses around them." This habit is, he suggests, a survival of a habit once general, when, during an earlier period in time, the ground was covered for months. And he urges, in support of this, the case of the willow grouse in Spitzbergen. "That race of grouse," he writes, "enjoys but four months of life in daylight, and above ground; the remaining eight being perchance spent in snow burrows, and tunnels in the dark." Here they have provided "not merely a home, but—more important still—a full winter stock of provisions. For these early autumnal snows hold enclosed within their soft and easily excavated recesses the whole abundant crop of Arctic wild fruits and berries 'preserved' for the birds' winter needs, and guarded by the frost-stealed roof above against risk of decay."

In the brief space left to me, it is impossible to analyse and criticise these statements, the inferences to be drawn therefrom, and their bearing on the theory of the coloration of animals. But this I hope to do at no distant date. For the moment, I can but draw the attention of those who are not only interested in grouse, but in the larger matter of the coloration of animals, to this aspect of the life-history of the grouse. For myself, I feel convinced that some material facts have somehow been overlooked by Mr. Chapman.



A PEGLIARILY BRITISH BIRD, THAT DOES NOT CHANGE THE COLOUR OF ITS PLUMAGE IN WINTER: THE RED GROUSE.

Though closely resembling the Willow Grouse, or Ryper, the Red Grouse is distinguished by the fact that it does not turn white in winter, and always has dark-grey instead of white flight-feathers.

Photographs by E. J. Manly.

degrees of intensity as to the dominant hue, serve to conceal the bird crouching from its enemies.

Anyone who has walked over a moor will tell you it is very unlikely that you would see a grouse thus crouched, and, this being so, no further testimony is needed as to the protective value of its coloration—which is a protection rather against birds and beasts of prey than man himself—who very often is the "super-beast." And what is true of our grouse is true of the willow grouse. The fact that the ryper, like the ptarmigan, turns completely

UNREST IN GERMANY: COMMUNIST AGITATION AND FOOD SHORTAGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., KEYSTONE VIEW CO., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND STÖCKER (BERLIN).



"RED SUNDAY" IN GERMANY PASSES OFF WITHOUT ANY SERIOUS DISTURBANCES: A LARGE CROWD ON THE ALTMARKT IN DRESDEN, ONE OF THE TOWNS WHERE OPEN-AIR DEMONSTRATIONS WERE NOT FORBIDDEN.



WITH A BANNER INSCRIBED "DOWN WITH REACTION! DOWN WITH FASCISM! FIGHT FOR THE WORKMEN AND PEASANTS' RULE!" A DRESDEN CROWD.



FOOD SHORTAGE IN BERLIN: A TYPICAL QUEUE, UNDER POLICE CONTROL, WAITING IN A STREET OUTSIDE A PROVISION SHOP.



THE SCARCITY OF POTATOES IN GERMANY, ASCRIBED TO POOR CROPS: A RUSH OF PEOPLE AFTER A POTATO-CART GUARDED BY POLICE.



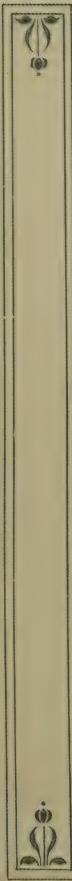
WAIVING THEIR EMPTY BASKETS: GERMAN HOUSEWIVES SCRUMMAGING ROUND A POTATO-CART AFTER A LONG WAIT.

What with the fall of the mark, which recently sank to the rate of 5,000,000 to the pound sterling, and a sudden shortage of food, conditions in Berlin and other parts of Germany have of late been disturbed. Sunday, July 29, was chosen by the Communists as a day of national demonstrations, but nothing very serious occurred, and their opponents described the result as a complete fiasco. In Berlin and Potsdam open-air meetings were forbidden, and the demonstrators assembled in halls. Twenty-three indoor meetings were held in Berlin. At the small neighbouring town of Neu-Rippin, an attempt was made to storm the prison, the police fired, and two rioters were killed and seven injured. The food

shortage was chiefly in potatoes and fats, including butter. It was stated that the potato crop had been very poor owing to cold weather in the spring and continuous rain. Dr. Cuno, the Chancellor, in reply to a deputation, ascribed the shortage partly to the depreciation of money caused by the French action in the Ruhr, and partly to the boundless demands for luxuries in certain quarters. After a conference with representatives of agriculture, a reassuring statement was issued that supplies were again reaching the normal standard, and there was no cause for alarm. On August 2 the German Government issued the prospectus of its new Gold Loan, which it hoped would relieve the situation.

AN ELEMENT OF DISPUTE BETWEEN THE R.A.F. AND THE NAVY: THE AIR.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPT. ALFRED G. BUCKHAM, F.R.P.S.; THE LOWER ONE SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.



TYPICAL AIR FLIGHTS: (ABOVE) A HANDLEY PAGE AT 3000 FEET; (BELOW) AN AEROPLANE THREE MILES ABOVE THE EARTH.

As mentioned on our double-page illustrating practice bomb-dropping at sea, with H.M.S. "Agamemnon" as a target, the relations of the Navy and the Air Force regarding the control of Naval aircraft have lately been the subject of keen discussion between the two Services. On August 2 an official document was issued containing the Government's decision on the question, together with the recommendations of

the Imperial Defence Committee on which it was based. The Committee does not think it possible to sever entirely the air organisation working for the Fleet from that responsible for home defence against air attack and for co-operation with the Army. A middle course between the two extremes of separation and complete unification has been adopted.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

A PLAY EXCHANGE.—SINCERITY IN ACTING.

HE came to me with what he termed a "real idea." "Is there in London," he asked—by way of leading off—"a Play Exchange?"

"An Exchange—no. We have literary agents; theatrical agents, with play-readers attached; some managers have tried even 'tasters'; and I think a few critics are now and again to be found to



"CHU CHIN CHOW" ON THE FILMS: MISS EVA MOORE AS ALCOLUM AND MR. RANDLE AYRTON AS KASSIM BABA.

peruse manuscripts for nothing, in the case of playwrights none too well blessed with worldly goods, or for a fee which is necessarily pitched high in order to discourage the well-endowed and well-meaning dilettante. But if you refer to a central office where one can find published and unpublished or foreign plays, the answer is absolutely in the negative."

"Exactly. So, supposing you want a French or German, or Italian or Dutch play, how do your students and adapters manage?"

"Ah, that's a very intricate question. If it is a French play not well known, one goes to the Coin de France, or Le Beau Livre, the new enterprise in Knightsbridge: catalogues are ferreted out; queries are sent to Paris; and with luck—I say, with luck—in a month you may be in possession of the play, if it is printed. If not, you have to apply to the agent of the Société des Auteurs, and the process takes longer, and is costly, for a deposit may be required."

"H'm! And if you want a German play?"

"That is even more intricate; for remember that in Germany only few authors—mostly the best known—publish their works. The custom there is to put a play in the hands of an agent, to have it printed as a manuscript—*i.e.*, for private circulation; after which it is sent out to all the principal theatres for perusal. Consequently, in nearly each case you have to find out who is the agent who acts for the author—and there are many of them in Berlin, Leipzig, Cologne, Frankfort, and elsewhere. Of course you can apply to one of the leading agents in London, and he will find the play you want. But I take it that this is, for many reasons, not the purpose of your question. You seem to indicate that we need in London a place where we can walk in, find a well-stocked library of foreign plays, and a person who is so well informed as to the dramatic literature of Europe, and the way plays are distributed in the various centres abroad, that, without much trouble or research, you can lay your hand on the work required?"

"You have hit it. But I would go further: I would have branches in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Milan—in fact, in all countries where English plays are likely to be in demand or to become popular by propaganda, so that our plays find a greater outlet."

"Don't forget Amsterdam and Madrid," I interpolated; and he went on:

"Now, how would you set about it?" and, as if anticipating the ominous question, he said, "I think I shall have sufficient capital for a start—but how to begin?"

"Are you a linguist?" I asked.

"Yes. French, A.R.: war-product. German, pretty well ditto: I have been two years on the Rhine."

"Of course you are well versed in literature, but do you know people over here who could lead you off abroad with letters of introduction? For you want a 'kick-off.' Once you are in any of the centres named and have found access to one author or publisher of note, the rest is easy. Continentals are very helpful in that way: a week in Paris, in Berlin and in Vienna, three days in smaller capitals—in six weeks you will know all the people abroad worth knowing and you will have a quiverful of material. I think your 'real idea' would be well received everywhere. London managers, too, like Basil Dean and Playfair, would welcome it. We are all alive to the fact that, under the prevailing circumstances, novelties generally come to London when they are already 'old vintage' abroad. You remember the case of 'Los Intereses Creades,' of 'Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie'?"—and we went into anecdotes about these and many other works that had been flourished before our eyes as "the latest," when to some of us they were but new lamps for old—things that we might have known long before, if our sources of information had been up to date.

In his address to the competitors in the British Empire Shakespeare Society elocution-contest, Mr. J. B. Fagan said that his award would be based on the following principles: Sincerity first; then, in order, Sense, Speed, and Voice. He did not specify Diction, but I take it that is covered by "Voice," and on this assumption I am fully in accord with his classification and the chief and foremost place allotted to "Sincerity."

Sincerity—what does it actually mean? It is a word much used in criticism—and abused by the way of cliché when the critic, at a loss for a more penetrating definition, applies it to one or several actors, in a bunch, as qualified praise. Between the lines one should read—"the performance was not remarkable in any way except that it seemed natural."

In my opinion—which I am glad is in accord with that of a producer of such experience as James B. Fagan—"sincerity," or "a sincere performance," is praise of a very high order and should therefore be sparingly given.

"Sincere," in the dictionary sense, is: "being what it appears to be," not simulated; honest—therefore somewhat mixed in meaning when applied to acting, for all acting is simulation of a kind. However,

the "being what it appears to be" helps us over the dilemma. It indicates that what we see and hear (and feel) in the work of the actor is so apparently true that we accept it as reality. To achieve that, the actor must either feel what he portrays, or he must be so endowed with the gift of temporary tears—forgetful of self—that the audience believes that he feels. This point of controversy is as old as the hills, and it has never been discovered whether Sarah Bernhardt (who avowed that the feeling was sincere in her diction), or whether Coquelin (when he declared that in the midst of "Cyrano" he thought of other things and rendered the part as it were subconsciously) was right. Nor does it really matter: the theatre is a cave of illusion: how that illusion is created is no concern of the public, provided that it exists and holds. Again, there is a great difference between young actors and amateurs and artists of record and repute who have become practised by experience.



A FILM PRODUCTION REPORTED TO HAVE COST MORE THAN £1,000,000: "CHU CHIN CHOW"—MISS BETTY BLYTHE AS ZAHRET.

What Mr. Fagan means by sincerity in its fullest scope is, I take it, understanding—which is the penetration of a part, the outline of it as a whole, and the value of a line in relation to it. Next it implies avoidance of all self-consciousness, mannerisms, affectations, which in some are more strongly developed than others. Lastly, and most important, it demands that an actor should forget that he is acting, forget his audience, forget that he is interpreting somebody else's feelings and words. He may be nervous—and that is often a quality of magnetising force—but he should be sure of his words to the degree of their being seemingly his own; he should be sure of effect—comic and dramatic—so sure that it would, as it were, well up and never convey the idea of being laboriously propelled to "fetch" the laugh or move the hearer. To crystallise it in a few words, the actor should feel as free and imaginative as the impromptu after-dinner speaker, in contrast to those who read their speeches and ladle out jests and peroration with mathematical precision, but without that inner vibration that rouses others. If an actor should ask me how to cultivate sincerity, I would say: Learn your part, live in it, rehearse your words as if they belonged to your own life, and, when you are before an audience, let go as if there were nobody near by—or as if you were unbosoming yourself to your closest, dearest friend. If you can do that—if you can, I repeat, forget your own ego and become another man's shadow—you will be sincere, and, to quote Mr. Fagan once more, the rest will follow "in order."



THE MOST AMBITIOUS FILM PICTURE EVER MADE IN EUROPE: "CHU CHIN CHOW"—

MISS EVA MOORE AS ALCOLUM AND MR. JUDD GREEN AS ALI BABA.

The film version of "Chu Chin Chow"—a Graham Wilcox production—is described as by far the most ambitious picture ever made in Europe, and rivalling the most colossal spectacles from California. It includes realistic settings of old Baghdad and Eastern villages. The principals' costumes, weapons, jewels, and other accessories were genuine antiques lent by museums, and a number of wild animals were imported from Asia and Africa. The whole picture is reported to have cost over £1,000,000.

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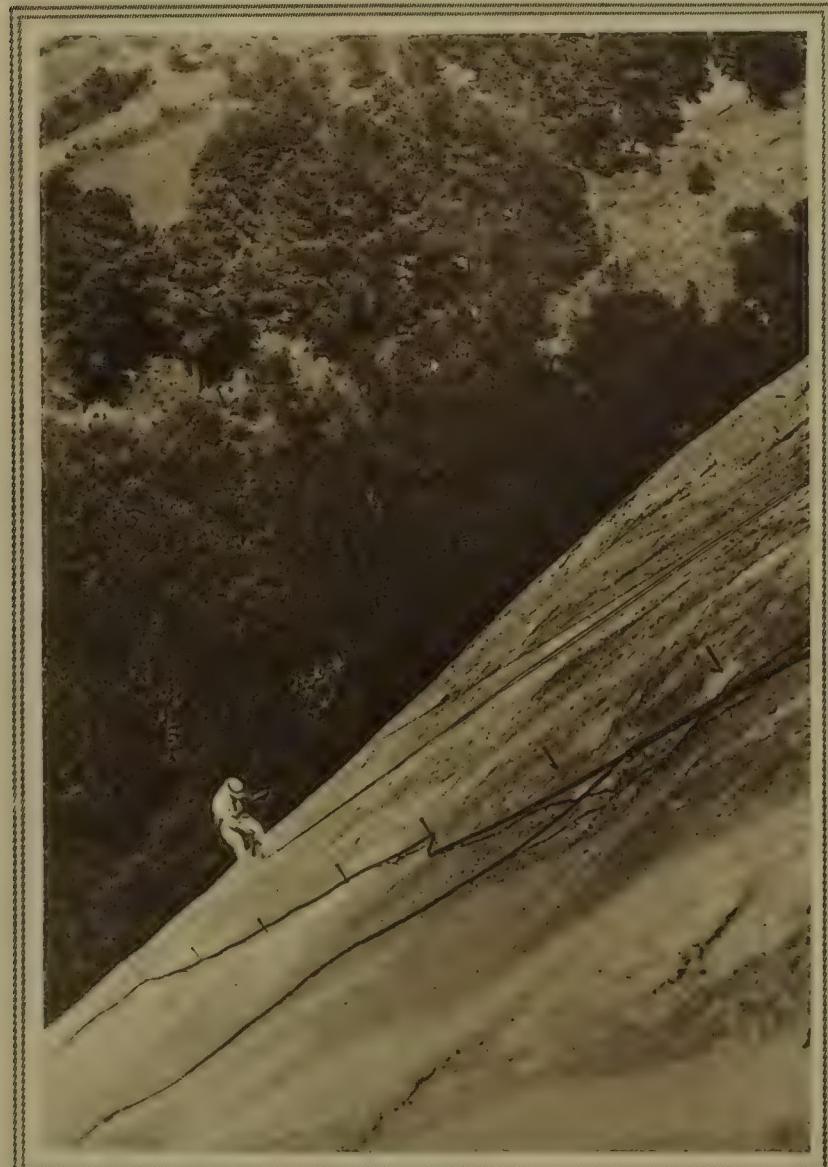
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SHOWING THE SCULPTOR, MR. GUTZON BORGUM (ON LEFT): THE HUGE CAMERA USED TO PROJECT HIS DESIGN ON TO THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.



THE GREATEST "SCULPTOR'S BLOCK" EVER USED: STONE MOUNTAIN, GEORGIA, TO BE CARVED WITH A CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL.



PREVENTED FROM FALLING BY STRAPS: MR. GUTZON BORGUM, THE SCULPTOR, COMMENCING TO CARVE THE HUGE DESIGN PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.



WEARING HIS SPECIAL SAFETY APPARATUS: MR. GUTZON BORGUM ASCENDING STONE MOUNTAIN TO BEGIN A COLOSSAL TASK THAT WILL TAKE SEVERAL YEARS.

In our issue of June 10, 1922, we gave a view of Stone Mountain, a dome-shaped block of black granite, 700 ft. high, near Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A. "In its side (as we then stated) the American sculptor, Mr. Gutzon Borglum, is to carve in colossal figures, some of them 50 ft. high, a great 'Confederate Memorial,' a tribute from the South of to-day to the South of 1861-5. The work will cost 2,000,000 dollars, and will probably be the largest monument on record." The sculptor has now begun his amazing work, which will measure 700 ft. long by 200 ft. wide, and the execution of which will take several years. Apart from its enormous size, the enterprise is unique from the method adopted to fix the

design on the mountain side. This was done by means of a specially built photographic projector, like a huge magic lantern. That part of the surface on which the picture was thrown was previously sensitised for photographic purposes, and, after the exposure, was developed and fixed by pouring chemicals down it from above. It was finally washed with water. The projector was the most powerful ever constructed, and the lens had to be air-cooled to prevent it from melting through the heat from the lamp required to project a picture 200 ft. high on a mountain 600 ft. away. After the negative had been developed on the rock face, the outlines of the design were traced in white.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A SEVERE damper was placed over Goodwood the Glorious by Jupiter Pluvius, who sent down upon devoted heads heavy shower after shower. Were the owners of the heads and hats disheartened? No! Everyone continued to back winners or losers as their luck would have it, and it was smiles amid the showers. Those who have known many Goodwoods inclined to think it a record first day. The King and the Queen were cheery enough. His Majesty had many a chat with his stud manager, Major Featherstonhaugh, and many a joke too, judging by laughing faces. The Queen looked as handsome as ever, but the season's doings have tried her Majesty a bit. Her Goodwood dresses were suitable and handsome, and on the opening day she wore a copper-red tissue hat with fuchsia-red flowers round the brim—colours which I have never seen her Majesty wear before, and very becoming they proved.

The Duke and Duchess of York, who were the Earl and Countess of March's guests at Molecombe, had many cheers as they reached the stand, and everyone admired the dainty little Duchess. On one day she wore a dark-blue coat and skirt; the coat

does it make a most excellent vantage ground to see the racing, but it affords shelter when "J. P." is playing the hose, and he played it plentifully the opening day. The luncheon parties were damped down, but the lunchers made a joke of the inconvenience. Iced bubbly wine would have been nicer on a hot day, but it was very cheering on wet ones, and there were dry intervals. Unfortunately, a wet beginning can scarcely mean a dry ending, because the ground under the trees gets so sodden that it can't dry out under a certain time. If proof were needed of the fascination that racing exercises, Goodwood would prove that it is enjoyed in spite of everything.

The Duchess of Northumberland looked beautiful, and dressed most suitably and very becomingly. In a black coat and skirt with an embroidery almost all over both in shades of tawny-brown, red, and orange, and wearing a rather small hat of black satin, her beautiful complexion, violet eyes, and lovely fair hair looked their best, and that is good enough for our most beautiful British Duchess. A very united family are the Percys apparently, for the Duke was there each day, also the two elder boys, Earl Percy and Lord Hugh Percy, and two little ducks of girls. They were dressed one day in orange pelisses and little black straw bonnets trimmed with rosettes and strings of orange baby ribbon. They made a very pretty picture. Our sex has been considered in another way: a large extra cloak-room has been erected in the Grand Stand enclosure. The rain made its increased accommodation for wraps, and even for changing dresses and hats brought by motor, very desirable. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon looked very concerned about all the people—more so than they appeared to be. Even on the Trundle Hill, where the less well-off folk go for their racing, there were great crowds, and cheery ones withal.

The magnolia which covers a portion of the front of Goodwood House was in its full bloom of great waxen-petalled blush-pink and cream-coloured flowers; the gardens were masses of many-coloured blooms, and the shaven lawns like emeralds for greenness; the Royal Standard floated out in the breeze; and, had sunshine only been vouchsafed to the beginning of the meeting, all would have been well—no one would have quarrelled over rain at the end.

The Prince of Wales's visit to Welbeck Abbey would be full of interest for him. The place is unique, if only for the curious and very extensive underground works carried out by the eccentric Duke. There is a long tunnelled approach to the house, and there are the underground museum (now used as a ball-room) and the underground riding-school. The Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield, both great favourites with the Prince, were there; and the Duchess, who is a splendid hostess, arranged a happy party. The Duke always has an agricultural show at Welbeck, before he goes up to Langwell, for his own tenants, and a fine affair it is. Among the many treasures at Welbeck is the silver font in which heirs to the dukedom are christened, and the chalice and patten from which Charles I. received his last Communion.

There were many people who were deeply concerned about the health of the Duke of Orleans. The Pretender to the French throne has always had a following here—not in his political aims, but because of his personality, which has always been and is peculiarly

fascinating and attractive. A very handsome man, he has charming manners. Then he is a great sportsman, and remarkably well read and far travelled. At Wood Norton, when one of his sisters was married to the Duc de Guise, and when the King and Queen of Spain and his eldest sister, then Queen of Portugal, were his guests, he himself and his Duchess were treated as a King and Queen, and he had his Royal Household like any ruling monarch. It is, however, as a man, and not as a Royal Highness, that his return to health is so widely welcomed.

When Cowes is over the Queen is going to spend a week or more with Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles at Goldsborough Hall, and become more intimately acquainted with her only grandchild, who is, according to all accounts, quite a delightful baby. Princess Mary, who adores her little son, is quite reserved in speaking of him, and said, in answer to some rather gushing appreciation of him, "Yes, he is quite a good baby as babies go." Our Princess is not of the emotionally gushing order of girl. That does not argue that she has not deep feelings, for she has. The Queen is very fond of babies, and will make great friends with her grandson.

The King will probably shoot for the first week of the season at Bolton Priory with the Duke of Devonshire, if the Duchess is quite well again.
A. E. L.



Herring-bone pleats of self material are used to decorate this attractive suit. An unadorned wrap-over panel in the skirt carries out the idea of the plain coal-front.

had long straight revers, which were faced with a kind of very fine embroidery in Oriental tints. A dark-blue straw hat was worn framing the beautiful oval of her fascinating little face. At one side a thick blue ostrich feather was apparently pulled through and drooped down to one shoulder. Her Royal Highness does not seem to care at all for elaborate jewellery, as she wore loose rows of small pearls and quite small diamond ornaments. The Duke looks very happy and very proud of his delightful-looking Duchess. Prince George, as full of the *joie de vivre* as ever, was talking and laughing when I saw him with Lady Alexandra Curzon. He is very like Queen Alexandra.

There is always a large sailor contingent from Portsmouth and the neighbourhood, and they were each day among the earliest arrivals at the course. The Marchioness of Milford Haven was there, and met her sister, Lady Zia Wernher, who, with the Major her husband, was busy backing horses. Lord and Lady Blandford arrived from Shillinglee Park, where they were the guests of Lady Milton. Neither of them seems ever to grow older; the charming spell of Peter Pan appears to be theirs to the full. Everyone lucky enough to have secured a badge for the ladies' new stand in the Paddock was charmed with it. Not only



Egypt is evidently responsible for the inspiration of this original frock. Black crépe-de-Chine is the material chosen, and the sleeves and the fan-shaped panels at the sides are tightly pleated.



A beautiful example of the latest Victorian style. The modified bouffant hips and the straight narrow berthe claim special attention.

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The Ambassador Writes a Testimonial

THE oldest hostelry in England"—such is the boast of "The Royal Fountain" at Canterbury. As a witness to long-continued excellence in hospitality, reference may well be made to a testimonial written at the close of the thirteenth century. When the marriage of Edward I. to his second Queen, Margaret of France, was solemnised at Canterbury Cathedral (September 12, 1299) the legate representing the King of Germany wrote thus to his sovereign—"The inns of England are the best in Europe, those of Canterbury are the best in England, and 'The Fountain,' wherein I am now lodged as handsomely as I were in the King's Palace, the best in Canterbury."

Old as is this testimonial, "The Royal Fountain" even at that date was hoary in tradition. Here, it is claimed, was housed the wife of Earl Godwin when, in 1029, she came to meet him on his return from the land of the Danes, while forty years later the inn became the temporary residence of Archbishop Lanfranc during the rebuilding of his palace. Tradition adds that this house was the rendezvous of the four knights who murdered Thomas à Becket.

Less spectacular perhaps, but of importance in the history of hospitality, was the introduction of the original John Haig Whisky in 1627. Nearly three centuries have now passed since this fine old whisky was first offered to the discriminating traveller. The unchanging excellence of John Haig is the pride of the distiller and the tradition of the connoisseur.

Dye Ken
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THE ORIGINAL
*The Clubman's Whisky
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HEALTH DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS.

A Tonic Food Beverage.

Warm weather is responsible for a general feeling of lassitude and loss of appetite. There is little to please in the accepted dietary, but it is essential that sustenance in some form be taken, otherwise the health will suffer, the first signs of which is a feeling of irritation with everything. Now there is nothing better for preserving the health and conquering the feeling of nervous irritability than "Ovaltine," which builds up nerve, brain, and body. It is an excellent substitute for the early morning cup of tea, or it may be taken



"Ovaltine" Rusks are perfectly delicious, is the opinion of the members of the older as well as the younger generations, especially in alliance with a cup of "Ovaltine."

during the morning, after a strenuous turn of professional or social engagements; and there is no more effective sleep-wooer at the end of the day. It supplies a reserve of strength with which to face the work of the forthcoming day.

Nature's Tonic Foods.

Emphasis must be laid on the fact that it is prepared from Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk, and eggs, and flavoured with cocoa, only the vitalising and reconstructive elements being retained. It is so easily assimilated that it carries at once to the worn-out

cells just those necessary food elements which restore and maintain vitality.

Simple to Prepare. Among the many advantages of "Ovaltine" is that it is perfectly easy to prepare with milk or with milk and water. Should the latter method be adopted, take a quarter of a teacupful of hot or warm milk and fill up with boiling water. If desired, unsweetened condensed milk may be used. Then take two or more teaspoonsfuls of "Ovaltine" and stir gently into the liquid until dissolved. Add, if necessary, sugar to taste. The beverage should not be boiled, but heated only to just above drinking temperature.

"Ovaltine" Rusks.

All and sundry are unanimous in their opinion that "Ovaltine" rusks are perfectly delicious; but a fact that is not nearly as widely disseminated is that they



A tin of "Ovaltine" Rusks sold by all chemists.

were introduced to meet the requests of a large number of medical men and users of "Ovaltine"

tonic food beverage for a rusk possessing a higher nutritive value than ordinary rusks or biscuits. They are made from the finest wheaten flour, with which is incorporated a suitable proportion of "Ovaltine." They are delightfully crisp, slightly sweet in flavour, and sold by all chemists in 2s. 6d. tins. They are as warmly appreciated by members of the older as the younger generation, and are specially recommended for children when teething and for invalids. A cup of "Ovaltine" with an "Ovaltine" Rusk forms a satisfying meal.

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Cristolax, of which A. Wander, Ltd., are the manufacturers, is sold by all chemists. It is a pleasant and palatable laxative, nutrient and digestive. It is invaluable for infants, children, invalids, and the aged. It is not a secret remedy, but is an ideal combination of the finest and purest medicinal liquid paraffin with "Wander" malt extract. The disagreeable oiliness of the paraffin is entirely disguised. Not only is it a laxative, but its regular use improves nutrition and bodily vigour. Another point to be noted is that it can be taken over prolonged periods without the necessity of increased dosage. For babies Cristolax should be added to several of the bottle feeds or given separately dissolved in a little water. Besides keeping the bowels in a healthy condition, it makes the milk feeds more easily digestible.



Rene Magde.

This small personage wishes to help in the making of her mother's cup of "Ovaltine," as she knows she will have her share.

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Just the same when your friend wants a good cigarette, you hand your Kensitas *at once*—there is no to-morrow for an asking friend.

Yes, sir, I always keep a good supply of the good Kensitas for all the gentlemen. It is better to say, "Here they are, sir!" than "There they were, sir!"

Come to think of it, I am afraid I should be among the "There they were's!" myself if I ran short of Kensitas. The gentlemen *will* have them because they are—"as good as really good cigarettes can be."

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STANDARD SIZE
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RADIO NOTES.

BROADCAST LICENSES.

BROADCASTING has now been going on for exactly nine months, and 165,000 of the public possess "broadcast" or "experimental" licenses. In addition, there are many thousands of people with home-made receiving sets waiting for the Report of the Broadcasting Committee, which has just concluded twenty-three sittings to consider Broadcasting in all its aspects; contracts and licenses which have been or may be granted; the action which should be taken upon determination of existing licenses to the Broadcasting Company; the uses to which broadcasting may be put; and the restrictions which may need to be placed upon its use or development.

The position of the unlicensed listener with a home-made set is a difficult one, for, by the existing laws, made before broadcasting commenced, he is prohibited from installing or working a "wireless" apparatus, and is liable to a maximum penalty, on conviction, of £100, or twelve months' imprisonment.

It is a very easy matter for anybody to construct a simple set to receive broadcast entertainment, and thousands of the public, having done so, considered that their "skill" entitled them to "experimental" licenses. But before granting such licenses under the terms of the Wireless Telegraphy Act, the Postmaster-General has to be satisfied that *bona-fide* experiments are intended: consequently many applicants were disappointed.

The only way at present by which it is legally possible for the general public to receive broadcasts as a pastime, and not as a matter of experiment, is to buy a "Broadcast" license from the nearest post office, and a "Broadcast" receiver

sold by a firm connected with the British Broadcasting Company.

As it stands, this is quite fair, because the transmission of music, songs, and speech by radio-telephony day by day is a very expensive matter; therefore, those who receive entertainment of this nature must contribute towards its cost. But

for a "Broadcast" license; but these were intended to legalise the sets purchased under the arrangement between the B.B.C. and the Postmaster-General. The authorities know quite well that it would be well-nigh impossible to trace every unlicensed owner, especially in the thousands of homes where indoor aerials are the rule. Probably the difficulty will be surmounted by a recommendation from the Broadcasting Committee for the issue of a third form of permit, known as a "constructor's" license, which would render the home-made set immune from the law, and also provide something towards the cost of broadcasting.

In regard to the question of the qualification necessary for an "experimental" license, it is the opinion of many that everybody who listens to broadcasting should be considered as a potential experimenter. There are many people, no doubt, who will be content to enjoy hearing broadcasts in their own homes, never troubling their minds as to the manner by which the entertainment reaches the ears. Others will delve into the subject and find it of such absorbing interest that, by devoting spare time to its study, they will acquire sufficient knowledge to warrant an application for an "experimental" license—enabling them to construct and devise to their hearts' content—possibly at some time or other adding to our knowledge of radio matters.



MAKERS OF BROADCAST MUSIC: THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AT 2LO LONDON.

Symphony concerts transmitted by radio-telephony from the London Broadcasting Station delight thousands of listeners distributed within a great radius from the source of performance. The orchestra, with Mr. Percy Pitt conducting, has rendered some of the finest music, including "The Magic Flute," "Siegfried Idyll," Concerto in A minor (Saint-Saëns), and the Symphony in B minor (Schubert).—[Photograph by Central Press.]

thousands of the public have been offered facilities and encouragement for constructing home-made sets by the "wireless" shops which have sprung up in every district. These shops sell the component parts, which are easily put together in an hour or two by anyone. No one can blame the shop-owners, or even the public, yet at the same time the fact remains that to "work" these sets is against the law.

The majority who own unlicensed home-made receivers would be only too glad to pay ten shillings

BROADCASTING TIME-TABLE.

Week-days:				
London	- 2LO	369 metres.	11.30 a.m.-12.30 and 5.30 p.m.-11.	
Birmingham	- 51T	420 "	3.30 p.m.-4.30 and "	"
Manchester	- 2ZY	385 "	" "	"
Cardiff	- 5WA	353 "	" "	"
Newcastle	- 5NO	400 "	" "	"
Glasgow	- 5SC	415 "	" "	"

Sundays:

All Stations	- 2LO	8.30 p.m.-10.30 p.m.
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—————A FINE QUALITY—————

Quality can only be maintained by Age. To ensure Age it is necessary to hold large stocks. Messrs. James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., and their subsidiary Companies hold the largest stocks of fine old matured Whiskies. Their Policy is to bond considerably in excess of their yearly requirements. This enables them to guarantee the Age of their Brand, keep up their Fine Quality, and ensure their Great Reputation both at Home and Abroad.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Tyre-Pressures. Experience of the new cord tyres convinces me that these can be run with advantage at a much lower pressure than the old canvas type. Every motorist knows that a



STILL ON THE ROAD AFTER ITS RECORD 25,000-MILE R.A.C.-OBSERVED TRIAL: A FAMOUS CROSSLEY CAR AT THE LODGE OF AYTON CASTLE, NEAR BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

After completing its 25,000 miles' run under R.A.C. observation—a record for certified mileage trials—the Crossley car here illustrated commenced a tour of Great Britain, during which the above photograph was taken.

comparatively soft tyre gives much easier riding than one which is pumped "board-hard"; but until the cord fabric tyre came into its own we were compelled to inflate to an uncomfortable pressure in order to get the tyre to stand up to its work. Under-inflation

brought all sorts of evils in its train, and tyres lasted no time at all unless they were kept at the pressures indicated by the makers. The cord tyre, however, does not seem to suffer from what would, in the case of the canvas cover, have been ruinous under-inflation. I have been running a set of Dunlop cord tyres on a car weighing 18½ cwt. unladen. The tyres are of 700 by 90 section, and two of them have now run about 7000 miles, while the mileage of the other two is in the region of 3000. I have kept them at the very comfortable pressure of 35 lb., which is below—a long way below—that at which the old canvas tyres I originally had on the car had to be kept. So far, these Dunlops are standing up to their work most admirably. As a matter of fact, I will almost defy anybody to say which have run the greater mileage, because they all look uniformly good: there is next to no wear at all, and not a cut or abrasion to be discovered. I mention these facts because I am told I am asking for trouble in running them so soft. After all, that is part of my business—to ask for trouble in these matters. In this case I have not found it, so far, but I have arrived at the useful conclusion that it is possible to run the modern cord tyre very much on the soft—and therefore the comfortable—side without any detriment at all to the cover. The increased life of the chassis and coachwork, due to the better absorption of road shocks, is well worth having, even if tyre life is shortened by a thousand or so miles. I do not believe, though, that tyre life is shorter under the conditions.

Decrepit
Taxicabs.

Londoners generally will have welcomed the announcement made by the Commissioner of Police that after next month very searching tests are to be applied to every vehicle for which a taxicab license is sought. Some of the old two-cylinder Renaults and Unics which ply for hire now are a simple disgrace to a city like London; and why the police have continued to issue licenses to them passes comprehension. Which leads up to the question: "What is the life of a motor-car?" Bearing in mind that many of these old cabs must be at least seventeen

years old, and that they have been in hard service almost every day of that period, while they have been hacked about by all sorts of ham-handed drivers, the answer would seem to be that it is quite indefinite and indeterminate. Given proper attention and periodical overhaul, I do not see why a motor-car should not be good for twenty or more years' service. Looking back, it is really only because development has been so rapid and the evolution of the car so progressive until late years that cars have gone out of commission at all. Now that we have arrived at something like standardisation, the life of the car ought to be lengthy indeed. I am told it is a fact, for example, that no single Rolls-Royce has ever been taken off the road because it has worn out. And as I myself drove a Rolls-Royce—I think it was simply the Royce in those days—as far back as 1904, we get a line through what the possible life of a car may be.

Road-Tarring
Methods.

The Ministry of Transport is really too much for the gravity of the average person. Recently, the R.A.C. called its attention to some of the maliciously stupid methods of tar-treating road-surfaces employed by certain highway authorities.

[Continued overleaf.]



A 16-40-H.P. SUNBEAM AND A RELIC OF THE PAST: A PICTURESQUE GROUP BESIDE THE OLD STOCKS AND WHIPPING-POST AT ALDBURY NEAR TRING, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.



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Special Agents.

As a result of favourable bookings earlier in the year, we have available for immediate delivery an extensive range of Daimler cars, including the following:

45 h.p. Landaulette de Luxe (7-seater)	£1900
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21 h.p. Landaulette de Luxe (6-seater)	£1250
21 h.p. Coupé (5-seater)	£1250
21 h.p. Touring Car (5-seater)	£1050
16 h.p. Landaulette de Luxe (4-seater)	£1040
16 h.p. Coupé (4-seater)	£1025
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12 h.p. Touring Car (4-Seater)	£730

Free Delivery anywhere in Great Britain.
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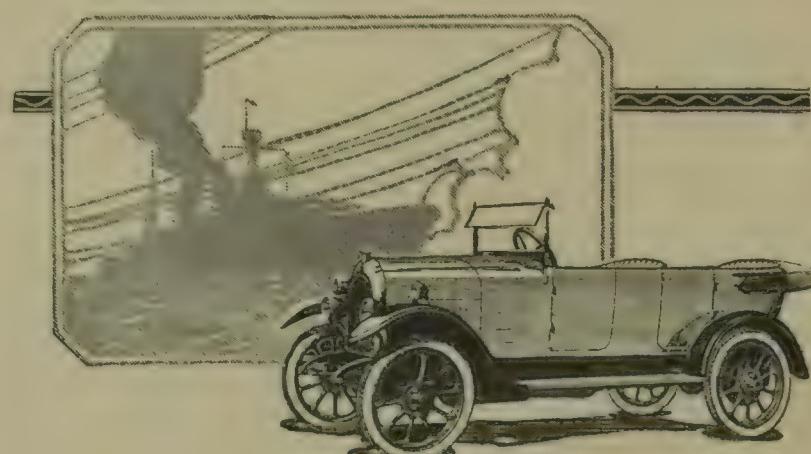
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REGENT 933

27, PALL MALL
LONDON S.W. 1

TELEGRAMS
"STRATSTONE,LONDON"

Two - Seater with Dickey	£335
Four - Seater Touring Car	£345
Four-speed Gear Box, right-hand gate control. Side curtains to open with the doors. Spare wheel and tyre, Dunlop Cords 30 ins. x 3½ ins. Electric lighting and starting equipment. All tools and accessories, including speedometer, mileage recorder, electric horn, dash lamp, jack and tyre pump, regis- tration number plates. Tax £12.	

Four-speed Gear Box,
right-hand gate control.
Side curtains to open
with the doors. Spare
wheel and tyre, Dunlop
Cords 30 ins. x 3½ ins.
Electric lighting and
starting equipment. All
tools and accessories,
including speedometer,
mileage recorder, electric
horn, dash lamp, jack
and tyre pump, regis-
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Tax £12.



A first class Cruiser,

Fast, powerful and sturdily built, yet carrying no unnecessary weight; imparting a sense of security and safety; capable of going anywhere and impressing wherever it goes; every part designed for supreme efficiency—these are the common attributes of the British cruiser and the British Bean. Both are cruisers of the first class—replete, up-to-date, unfailing in fair weather or foul, masters of distance, and enduring throughout the years!

The Leader of the Class
11.9 BEAN

For full range of models and prices also name of nearest Agent, write

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Telephone: Gerrard 7672-3 Telegrams: "Salobean, Piccy, London."



14hp Crossley Four-Seater Touring Car
400 Gns.

The finest value ever offered!

AT 400 gns. for the four or two-seater Touring car the 14 h.p. Crossley is unquestionably the finest proposition before the motoring public to-day. It will be noted that the closed cars are sold at equally attractive prices.

The marked success of the 14 h.p. Crossley is due to its quality and road performance.

Four or Two-seater
Touring Car

400 gns.

Two-seater Coupé £560

Four-seater Saloon (Four doors) - £595

Crossley

14 h.p.

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Touring Car

400 gns.

Two-seater Coupé £560

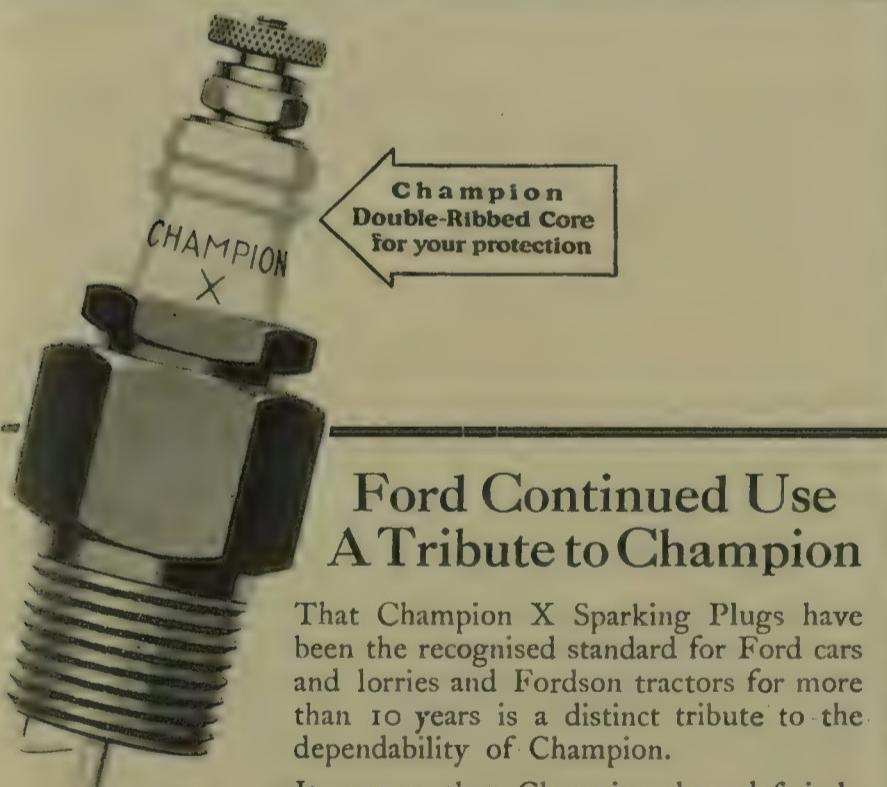
Four-seater Saloon (Four doors) - £595

ASK also for details of the 19.6 h.p. Crossley, the 20/70 h.p. Crossley (guaranteed speed 75 m.p.h.) and the 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. Model.

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CROSSLEY—THE CAR WHICH BROKE ALL R.A.C. CERTIFIED TRIAL CAR MILEAGE RECORDS.



Ford Continued Use A Tribute to Champion

That Champion X Sparking Plugs have been the recognised standard for Ford cars and lorries and Fordson tractors for more than 10 years is a distinct tribute to the dependability of Champion.

It means that Champion has definitely proved that it is a better sparking plug and deserving of the confidence that Ford engineers place in it.

More dealers sell Champion X than any other article of motor-car equipment. You can get them anywhere at any time.

A new set of Champions will save you money. They will make the engine perform better. You will know the genuine by the Double-Ribbed insulator. At Dealers everywhere.

Champion Sparking Plug Co., Ltd.,
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CHAMPION
Dependable for Every Engine

During the trial of this 19·6
Crossley Car the engine was
started 681 times.

25,000 miles
R.A.C. OFFICIAL TEST

ROTAX

ELECTRIC LIGHTING & STARTING EQUIPMENT

THE SYSTEM THAT NEVER FAILED
THROUGHOUT THE SEVEREST
TRIAL EVER RECORDED

Think of it!

300 miles per day, 6 days per week, for over 3 months from January to April, equivalent to 4 years' normal running.

The starting handle was never used ; the lights never failed except due to bulb fracture.

At the conclusion of the test the accumulator and all other parts of the equipment were in perfect order.

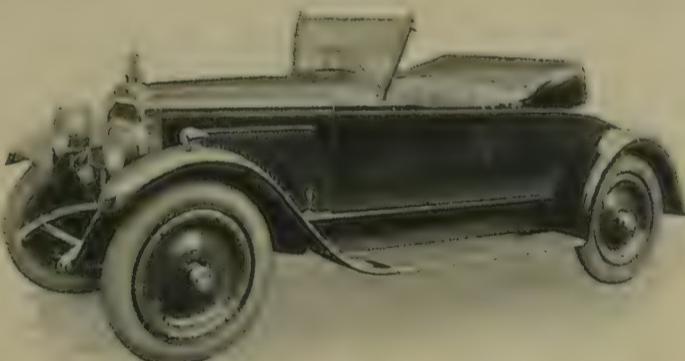
No such result (or even approximately the same) has ever been achieved by any other maker.

NO WONDER

the Leading Car Manufacturers, such as DAIMLER, SUNBEAM, TALBOT, CROSSLEY, etc., fit this "Super-Reliable" equipment as standard.

This advertisement, in so far as it refers to R.A.C. official certified trials, has been approved by the R.A.C.

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THE New Packard Single Six-Cylinder in every way conforms to the high standard of construction which has made the Packard name stand for quality and performance wherever fine cars are esteemed.

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LEONARD WILLIAMS, General Manager.

Art Catalogue Free on request.

CARS TAKEN IN PART EXCHANGE.

Continued.

Most motorists will agree that it was time some action was taken in this matter, but that is incidental just now. The Club suggested that the Ministry should do something to standardise methods. In reply, the latter says that it has recently issued "General Directions and Specifications Relating to the Tar Treatment of Roads," and that, therefore, it would be inopportune to send a circular letter to the highway authorities. It is difficult to see why it would be inopportune to draw attention to loose methods, but the real humour of the matter is that the document referred to has not, I am given to understand, been sent by the Ministry to the authorities concerned, but simply placed on sale, for a shilling, at the Stationery Office! It would be quite interesting to know how many copies have been sold, and how great the rush of highway authorities has been to obtain it.

TAXATION AND REVENUE.

amount in round figures to some £15,000,000. This is nearly twice the amount Sir Eric Geddes, when Minister of Transport, told Parliament and those concerned he wanted to raise from the motor-car owner for highway purposes. At the same time, he said

that if and when that amount was exceeded the motorist would be clearly entitled to some relief. Of course, it is one thing to be clearly entitled to this relief,

and quite another to get it from a Government. Still, I think some reduction of the burden might have been secured if our so-called representatives had not been so busily engaged in beating the air by agitating for a reversion to the fuel tax, long .

that the only way to get at that is through the fuel tax. But when it is perfectly clear that we cannot have justice, either because the other interests involved are too powerful or because of practical difficulties, it seems wisest to concentrate upon securing amelioration in some other direction. Possibly it is not too late to get something done in time for next year's Finance Bill—if those concerned will look facts in the face and get moving.

The Pneumatic Tyre. It is thirty-five years since the first pneumatic tyre patent was granted to Mr. J. B. Dunlop.

To-day the world uses over a hundred million pneumatic tyres every year! If one were asked to say what invention has produced the most notable effect upon the conditions under which civilised nations live, I am not sure but the vote would go to the pneumatic tyre. Without its invention the motor-car as we know it could not have been. The aeroplane could not have been developed as it has. The bicycle and the motorcycle would have remained the toys of the enthusiast instead of the vehicles of the masses. The anniversary of the invention was recently made the occasion of a Press visit to the huge works of the Dunlop Company at Fort Dunlop, where the making of pneumatics affords employment to over 10,000 workers. It is difficult to carry away a real impression of the magnitude of an enterprise like Dunlops', because of its very size. It is enough to record that here at Fort Dunlop exists one



A NEW ELEMENT IN LONDON TRAFFIC CONTROL: THE L.C.C. SYSTEM FOR THE NORTHERN TRAMWAYS—A POINT REGULATOR COMMUNICATING WITH THE CONTROLLER BY TELEPHONE.

The L.C.C. Tramways Department has recently installed a special system of traffic-control by telephone, devised by the Western Electric Company, in the area north of the Thames. Its outstanding feature is that a number of instruments may be used on one pair of wires, running throughout the system, by means of a "selector" device that enables the Controller to ring any one station out of 78, all on the one pair of wires. The headquarters are in the L.C.C. car depot at Hackney, and at important points along the track are stationed Regulators who can communicate with the Controller through special telephone boxes, placed at intervals of half a mile. The Controller can thus immediately deal with any breakdown or congestion.

If anticipations are realised, the revenue from motor taxation during the current year will after it was perfectly obvious that the Government and the oil interestshadmade up their minds that the present basis of taxation was to continue. I am still of the opinion that the only fair way of taxing the car is by use, and

of the most wonderful industrial organisations in the world—yet it represents only a third at most of the far-flung Dunlop organisation for business. W. W.



ABLE TO SEND BREAKDOWN GANGS TO ANY REQUIRED POINT, OR OTHERWISE DEAL WITH CONGESTION OR OBSTRUCTION: THE CONTROLLER AND HIS SPECIAL TELEPHONE SYSTEM AT HACKNEY.



Filling the Khaki Can

This is a much more complicated process than the average motorist would imagine. He little knows the extraordinary care which is taken at the "BP" Filling Depots to ensure that he gets the full two gallons of motor spirit, and that the spirit itself is absolutely pure and uncontaminated.

Every can, before it enters the Filling-room, is carefully tested to see that it is air-tight. It is thoroughly cleansed with a special petrol spray to remove every trace of water or foreign matter. Then it is freshly painted.

The Filling-room is equipped with patent automatic fillers, inspected and sealed by the Inspector of Weights and Measures, ensuring full measure and that no grit or dirt gets in. When you buy "BP" you get the "Best Possible" Motor Spirit in the best possible condition.

"BP" is the only entirely British petrol—British in every stage from the Crude Oil well to the familiar Khaki Can.

British Capital—British Enterprise—British Labour.



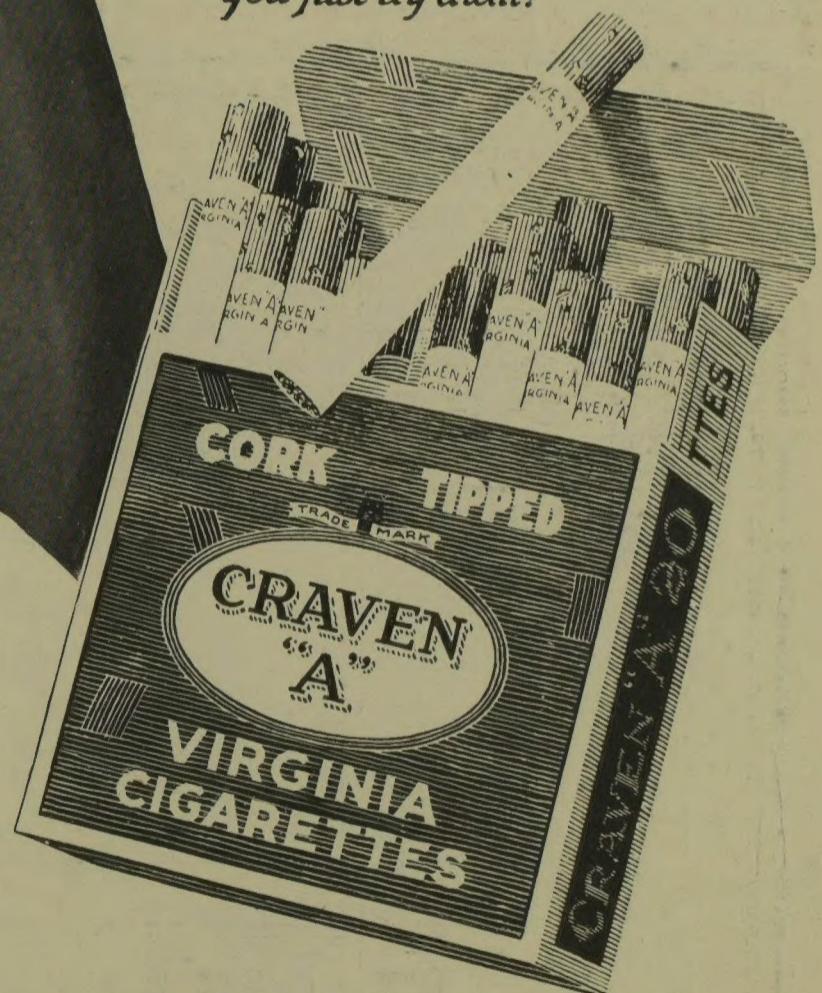
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"I think I
let these go
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He thought all
cigarettes were
alike. He didn't
dream that the
cork-tip could make
all that difference

You just try them!



20 for 1/-
Made Specially
to PREVENT
SORE THROATS

CRAVEN "A"
CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MISS GLADYS COOPER IN PARIS FARCE.

WHEN, after a spell of trying parts, such as Magda and Paula Tanqueray, Miss Gladys Cooper put up at the Playhouse that adaptation from French farce, "Enter Kiki," she must have wanted a change, and conceived herself as tackling a holiday task. Change must have been her idea rather than rest, for feverish energy is expected of her, or is certainly supplied by her in her newest rôle. This Kiki fights and scratches like a cat, and has a particular liking for slapping people's faces. So that at one moment you see the actress who impersonates her being held forcibly round the waist while she kicks desperately in the direction of a victim of her rage. Earlier on you watch her rolling over and over the stage-floor, locked in the arms of a male colleague whom the necessities of the plot condemn her to attempt to maul. In another scene she must dash round tables and chairs after a rival actress whom she is made to threaten with a knife. And, if later she is allowed respite during a supposed cataleptic sleep, in the course of which her various stage companions touch her or play tricks with her limbs—one of them running a pin into her—she has to pay for this repose by being forced soon to race about the stage in pyjamas, and take various other violent forms of physical exercise. The spectacle of one of our cleverest and most attractive actresses condemned to such a

display is not edifying, and unfortunately, while very thorough in bringing out the heroine's vulgarity—for Kiki, you know, is a common little out-of-work chorus girl, who pesters a young manager to give her a job in place of the wife and leading lady he has divorced—Miss Cooper does not lend the character that redeeming touch of wistfulness and charm an Yvonne Printemps might have conveyed. You think instinctively of Mlle. Printemps in connection with Kiki, just as you cannot help feeling how much more Sacha Guitry would have put into the part of the exasperated theatrical manager than does Mr. Ivor Novello: for you have seen both French artists doing wonders with material not so vastly superior to this adaptation; and, while allowing that Miss Madeleine Seymour does well enough in the leading lady's fit of tantrums, you come to the conclusion that English players had better leave it to the French to do Paris farce.

"PEACE AND QUIET" AT THE COMEDY.

Mr. Horace Hodges' acting is better than Mr. Horace Hodges' play—or, to put the matter differently, his "Peace and Quiet" would have to be dismissed as lamentably old-fashioned and ingenuous did it not contain one admirable study of character, which the author as actor develops into a living and fascinating personality. This is a fussy, timid, middle-aged valetudinarian who in situations involving a mock marriage not unlike that of Dr. Primrose's daughter Olivia, reveals a resourcefulness and a

capacity for meeting adventure which are a constant surprise to him and a delight to the spectator. He is for ever questioning himself, pitying himself, peering into his funny little mind, but he really succeeds in rescuing his farmer host's eloping daughter, and, though he gets a reward rather beyond his dues, he is not made at the end something else than he was at the beginning; he is still kept hypochondriacal and a molly-coddler as to his diet, even in the moment of victory. For that you can thank Mr. Horace Hodges the author, while all the time Mr. Hodges the actor is winning your esteem and your laughter in a brilliantly true piece of portraiture. He gets good help from Mr. Tom Reynolds as the farmer, from Mr. Douglas Burbidge as villain, and, save that she looked much too strapping a girl to be as meekly trusting as Olivia, from Miss Winifred Izard as the heroine.

A new hand-made cigarette, the Debrett, has just been introduced to the market by Major Drapkin and Co., makers of the well-known "Greys." It is intended to appeal to the man—or woman—whose taste in smoking is regulated less by the purse than the palate; yet it is not a costly smoke, considering that only the very finest of selected Virginian leaf is used and the manufacture and packing are faultless, as befits a quality article. The "Debrett" is obtainable in boxes of 25 for 2s., also in boxes containing 50 and 100.

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KNOCKE ZEEBRUGGE LE ZOOOTE
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And at Elephant House, DUBLIN and CORK.
ELVERY'S Waterproofs have stood the test of years.

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Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs 2/6 the flask. Chemists and Stores everywhere, or direct by stating shade required to—

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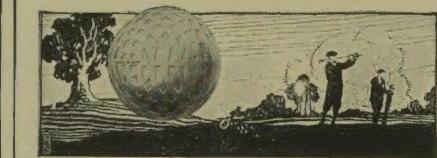
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TWO KINDS.
The Original
6d. Bottle makes
2 gallons
(requires 4-lb. sugar).

Sweetened.
(No sugar required).
10d. Tin (makes
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THE BRITISH BERKEFELD
Filter Cylinder
SARDINA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C. 2.



Chip! YOU start with a smile when you notice the long drive you get from the first tee with a WHY x NOT ball.

You will still be smiling when you hole out on the last green. For if you didn't get round in bogey, at least you managed to cut down your average very considerably.

Play a WHY x NOT for long drives. Play it for its undeviating course when you are putting.

The Green-cross WHY NOT is slightly larger and rather more tightly wound than the Red-cross WHY NOT.

Both are strictly within regulation requirements.

Of all professionals, half-a-crown each.

WHY+NOT
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1st class, 2nd class and 2nd class,
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Steamers specially equipped for night travel.

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A Permanent Home

A permanent and charmingly designed house, with bath and all internal fittings, erected in six weeks—where you will—at a remarkably reasonable price and ready for occupation. This is the

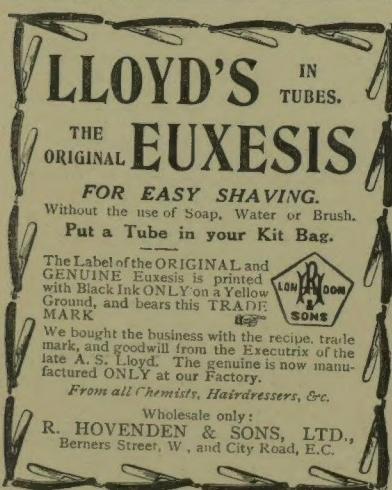
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a commodious Bungalow Cottage built from the finest seasoned materials. Illustrated is one of the five types of these complete homes.

Prices from £271 to £352 Carriage Paid.

Write to-day for Illustrated List, also Catalogue 104. Catalogue 83 illustrates Motor-Houses, Chalets, Green House, etc. Any or all of the above lists sent free.

BROWNE & LILLY, LIMITED,
Manufacturers and Exporters,
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Health Wrecked by Dyspepsia

Mr. A. A. Horner, A.M.I.M.E., of Prescot, suffered so severely from nervous dyspepsia that, to use his own words, he became "a complete wreck." Nothing gave him relief until he tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. The first box benefited him, and now he is in perfect health again.



*With compliments
A. A. Horner.*

SLEEPLESSNESS, LOSS OF WEIGHT, FLATULENCE, ACUTE DYSPEPTIC PAIN

Mr. A. A. Horner's Signed Statement :

MR. A. A. Horner, A.M.I.M.E., of Park Villas, Halstead Park, Whiston, near Prescot, in an unsolicited letter, says:—"I feel that it is my bounden duty to send this unsolicited testimonial, for words cannot express my delight in the relief I have received from Dr. Cassell's Tablets. For months I was a complete wreck, suffering from nervous dyspepsia. The symptoms were severe pain, sleeplessness, loss of weight, and flatulence. In addition, I was afraid to go about alone at night-time, and I suffered from dizziness and faint feelings and need to dread meal times. I decided to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after the first box I experienced great relief. I continued to take the tablets, and in three months I was absolutely rid of the complaint, and I am pleased to say that I continue to enjoy the very best of health. Prior to taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets I had spent a great amount of money on other medicines, but they all proved of no avail, so that you can imagine my deep and sincere appreciation of the tablets."

(Signed) A. A. HORNER, A.M.I.M.E.

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and note how well
you sleep, and how
refreshed and fit you
feel in the morning.

Good for
Nervous Breakdown Anæmia
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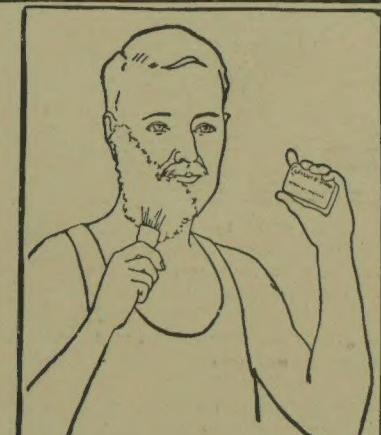
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**Cuticura Soap Ideal
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Men who have tender skins, easily irritated by shaving, should use Cuticura Soap. Dip brush in hot water and rub on Cuticura Soap. Then make lather on face and rub in for a moment with fingers. Make a second lathering and shave, then rinse off with tepid water.

Soap 1s., Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.
Sold everywhere. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

YOUR HAIR'S HOLIDAY

HOW YOU CAN RE-INVIGORATE THE ROOTS OF YOUR OWN HAIR AND STIMULATE WONDERFUL NEW GROWTH OF RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL TRESSES.

Astonishingly Liberal FREE Offer of a Four-fold "Harlene Hair-Drill" Hair-Beauty Holiday Outfit.

THE Glorious Holiday Season is once more upon us—the Season when we not only enjoy ourselves, free from the daily routine, but secure health recuperation and store up energy and vigour to enable us to combat the coming Winter months.

The renewal of Health, of course, means the renewal of Beauty, for there can be no real beauty without health. But merely facial beauty is not sufficient. It must be accompanied by Hair Beauty to make the complete picture of attractiveness.

WORLD-RECOGNISED SCIENTIFIC METHOD.

But you must cultivate Hair Health and Beauty just as you indulge in exercise for the renewal of Health. "Harlene Hair-Drill" is the world-recognised scientific method for promoting Hair Health and Hair Abundance.

Hair-weakness and poverty unquestionably means a dowdy appearance. Hair Health brings with it the return of Youth, Fascination of Appearance and Charm, which is irresistible in its appeal, particularly during the holiday season.

It is at this opportune time that Mr. Edwards comes forward, as he has on previous occasions,



The first step towards Hair Health is the thorough cleansing of the Hair as well as the Scalp with the famous "Cremex" Shampoo Powder. You should avoid greasy, hair-matting cocoanut oils.

To every man or woman who writes there will be sent a full week's Trial Harlene Hair-Drill Outfit,

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when in addition to the splendid Four-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

comprising everything necessary to commence a delightful yet scientific course of healthy hair culture.

A GIFT EVERY READER WANTS.

Everybody should try the delightful experience of "Harlene Hair-Drill," and, of course, particularly those who have thin, weak, straggling hair that is always falling out, splitting at the ends, or losing its brightness and "tone." A million special "Harlene" Outfits have been set aside as free gifts to all who desire the pleasure and charm of splendid, healthy hair, and one of these special parcels awaits a label with your name and address on it, so that the postman can bring it direct to your door.

character that is at once a label of health and perfect condition. Men with crisp bright, lustrous hair; women whose tresses form an aureole of beauty and splendour—both alike have secured this priceless quality of hair health by simply performing for two minutes each morning the simple "Harlene Hair-Drill" you are invited to demonstrate in your own home free of cost.



Just two minutes a day is all that is required to practise "Harlene Hair-Drill." It's so easy, so pleasant, so refreshing and yet so wonderful in its Hair-development results.



Isn't it grand to be able to indulge in the exhilaration of a Sea and Sunshine Bath, happy in the possession of a radiantly beautiful head of Hair which, as it is caressed by the breezes, is the cause of general admiration? Will this be your experience when you go away? It may be if you will only devote two minutes a day to Harlene Hair-Drill, which enjoys worldwide reputation for producing luxuriant, abundant, wavy tresses. Why not start your Hair Holiday at once by sending to-day for the wonderful Four-fold Free Trial Hair Beauty Outfit?

(See Coupon below.)

Here in detail are the actual contents of your gift "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel. Consider each item separately, and you will realise the great hair health opportunity which is placed before you.

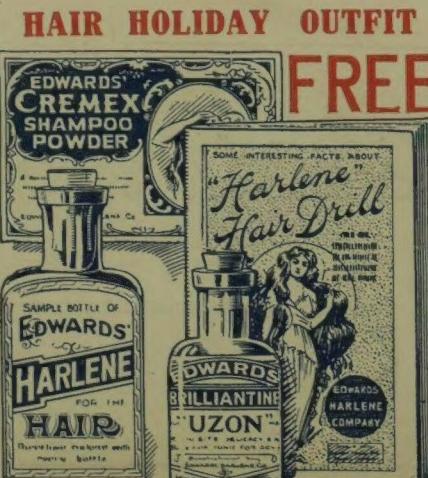
(1)—A TRIAL BOTTLE OF HARLENE—the hair-health dressing with the largest sale in the world, because of its extraordinary hair-growing and beautifying properties. Within from three to seven days it makes the hair full of "life." Test this in your own dressing-table mirror.

(2)—A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO. This is an antiseptic purifier which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for "Hair-Drill" treatment. You should avoid Greasy, Hair-Matting Cocoanut Oils.

(3)—A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

(4)—A copy of the newly published "Hair-Drill" Manual, the most authoritative and clearly written treatise on the toilet ever produced.

You can always tell the "Harlene" man or woman at the theatre, in the ballroom, or at sports and games. The hair has that rich, distinctive



HAIR HOLIDAY OUTFIT

FREE

LADIES—BEWARE!

Everyone, especially ladies, should beware of attempting to grow hair by means of internal medicines. Even if it were possible, it would be dangerous, as it would cause new hair growth all over the body or not at all. Thus, internal remedies are likely to cause complete disfigurement and unsightliness by causing superfluous hair to grow on Cheeks, Lips, Chin, and Arms.

Let "Harlene Hair-Drill" enrich your hair and increase its value to you. Simply send 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, and a complete Free Outfit will be sent to your address in any part of the world. Cut out the Coupon below and post as directed to-day.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets, 3d. each), and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3s. and 5s. per bottle from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL"

GIFT OUTFIT COUPON.

Detach and Post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,
20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1
DEAR SIRS.—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel,
I.L.N. 11-8-23

NOTE TO READER.

Write your name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent to you.